Off for a run in her car.

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SWEETHEARTS.
From a Painting by Professor Koppay.

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THE MUSICAL MEDIUM.

One of the Most Extraordinary and Weird Performances that has ever been Seen on the Stage.

By Sidney Dark.

Illustrated with photographs by Fred. Boissonnas, Geneva.

Under the influence of hypnotism Madame Magdeleine becomes most extraordinarily affected by music.

Chopin's "Funeral March," fragments of which are given under each of the illustrations, causes her to assume all manner of attitudes.

The ordinary mesmeric exhibitions, given on platforms by persons obviously the merest showmen, are properly regarded as vulgar and degrading, and not without a considerable amount of danger; but certainly none of these terms can be applied to the extraordinary performances recently given in London, Paris, and Munich, by a young Russian woman who has adopted the theatre name of Madame Magdeleine.

The history of this young woman is quite an ordinary one, though it appeared to me in some conversation I had with her that even when not hypnotised, her personality is a good deal out of the common. She is a dark woman of medium height, with a strikingly intellectual forehead and magnificent lustrous eyes, superficially certainly the very opposite of the type that is generally regarded as being subject to hypnotic influence. She was born at Tilsit, and has lived most of her life in Paris and Geneva. She has also been to America, and speaks English fluently. She is about twenty-six years old, is married to a Frenchman, and is the mother of two children.

Utterly oblivious to everything but the music, she shows in—

—gestures the magnificent climax of the first movement.

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For some years Madame Magdeleine suffered from violent neuralgic headaches, and after experimenting with various cures, was persuaded about a year ago to go to the Paris School of Magnetism, where she consulted one of the professors, M. Emile Magnin, who is a Swiss, and was, I think, formerly a chemist.

M. Magnin found her particularly difficult to hypnotise, and did not succeed in throwing her into what is called a magnetic sleep until the fourth consultation. She went to him for some considerable time, and the Professor discovered that, when mesmerised, she developed a curious sensitiveness to sounds.

This suggested to him the idea of experimenting with music. Some chords were struck upon the piano. At once Magdeleine's face became sombre and tragic in response to the bass notes, while it lightened up with pleasure when the treble notes were played. A melody was sung to her, and her gesture and expression instantly furnished, note by note, a translation, or perhaps one might better say, a mimetic commentary, the extraordinary precision of which stupefied the hypnotist.

Since then Madame Magdeleine has given many public exhibitions of her powers in Paris, in Munich, and in London.

Her movements are suggestive and graceful, and her power of expressing emotions by facial expression and by gesture mark her out as a pantomimist of unrivalled power. The point in which her performances differ from any other mesmeric exhibitions that I have ever seen is, that the woman, with her sub-consciousness affected by the harmonies of the music, is undoubtedly an artist in the supremest sense of the word.

I recently had the privilege of assisting at a private seance given by Madame Magdeleine in Paris, and I have seen several of her public performances in London.

When first put under the hypnotic power Madame Magdeleine is lifeless, inert, quite obviously in a state of catalepsy. On the first occasion to which I refer, two well-known Paris doctors went on to the platform and put her through a rigorous examination, even going to the extent of opening her eyes and violently patting her eyeballs, and, though I admit that the powers of trickery are almost inexhaustible, there can be no question that the woman was genuinely hypnotised.

To the audience the effect is most weird. Now she is filled—

—with joy at the beautiful melody. Every movement she makes teems with rapture—

Then a celebrated pianist commenced to play one of Chopin's valses, and the woman became alive, music, so to speak, giving her back her life. Selection followed selection almost without a break, and one after another she realised the whole gamut of the emotions, languishing with love, and then bowed with grief, joyous and sorrowful, suppliant and disdainful. Then the pianist began a Spanish dance by Lalo, and the woman danced—danced, certainly, without the curious knowledge of an Otero or Tortajada, but still with perfect grace, and in perfect accord with the spirit of the music. Then the piano stopped.

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—and right through the beautiful trio that tells of death, free from all fears, and—

—painless, Madame Magdeleine seems to lose the terror that assailed her at the beginning of the "March."

The hypnotist told her, "you are Sorrow—Avarice—Joy—Hate"—and at each of these suggestions one saw a living statue, perfect in line and expression, and consummate in its symbolic truth.

Perhaps the most striking feature of Madame Magdeleine's performance is that when the music ceases, she holds the pose suggested by the last chord until either some fresh harmony is played, or till she is released by the hypnotist. The harsh sound of applause appeared to cause her considerable pain, and the impression one received from the whole demonstration was that the woman's hearing was a sort of sensitive plate which caught every sound, and reflected it through her whole being.

It is claimed for Madame Magdeleine that her power of translating musical harmonies amounts to practically a new art, and a new art that is only possible to a mesmerised person, seeing that it demands such an entire surrender of the whole personality as would be quite impossible for a person whose limbs were under the active control of the brain.

The famous sculptor, M. Rodin, at whose studio Madame Magdeleine recently appeared,

Now the music is low and soft; a strange uneasiness has come upon her.

She slowly sinks to the ground, creeping on hands and knees across the stage.

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was asked the definite question whether her experiences had a genuine artistic interest, and said in reply that they decidedly had, for the details and the tiny movements of expression that characterise the poses of Madame Magdeleine could only be indicated very badly by an ordinary model, even if they could be indicated at all. It may therefore be said that in the opinion of one of the greatest artists in the world, Madame Magdeleine shows a series of perfect living statues, while at the same time it must be remembered that she possesses a wealth of graceful movements.

One or two rather curious things particularly struck me about the woman after having seen her perform, and then the next day after meeting her at dinner. One is that in real life Madame Magdeleine is more than ordinarily pretty, hardly beautiful, perhaps, but distinctly pretty, very intelligent, and particularly humorous.

When she is first hypnotised she loses almost all her good looks. Her face becomes haggard, and she seems to have suddenly grown quite ten years older. And even when she is actually under the influence of music and is expressing the most joyful emotions, she never quite gets her good looks back again.

Another point is that all sounds seem to affect her equally. She certainly, when hypnotised, is no critic, and she is affected as much by the cheap melodies of a modern French song as she is by the harmonies of Chopin or of Handel.

One might mention here, by the way, that Madame Magdeleine's sensitiveness to sounds extends to catching the meaning of a series of words, and she posed when I saw her with considerable success to a recitation given by one of the Odeon Company; but here again the movements and gestures were too grandiose for the ideas suggested by the words.

It is claimed that Madame Magdeleine, unlike most performers, requires no rehearsals, and has not the remotest idea at the beginning of her exhibitions what music is to be played to her. This was proved when I saw her by a famous pianist, who was in the audience, and whose reputation made any preconceived collaboration impossible, improvising at the piano, and the movements of Madame Magdeleine being as beautiful as though she swayed to classic compositions.

In a long conversation I had with her, I asked her what impression she herself received from her performances.

"None whatever," she replied; "you must remember that I do not have the pleasure of hearing the music that I love so much; I know nothing of what I do, and I can only tell whether my performance has been good by the applause of the audience when I have been awakened from my sleep.

"The only thing that I can say is that I have received no artistic training whatever, and that I have never been on the stage, although I have often wanted to, but I have always been hindered by an excessive nervousness, which would make any performance in public impossible for me if I knew what I was doing."

Then the music sinks and dies fainter and fainter. Madame Magdeleine rises, and lifts—

—her hands to calm her troubled spirit. And as the last chords die away she remains motionless, silent, completely worn out.

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HANDSOME CYRIL.

This Wild Story has a Queer History. Before Reading it, Everyone should Turn to Page 480, where some very Interesting Details of its Origin are Given.

By George Ade.

CHAPTER I.

The Meeting.

"Cyril!"

"Alexander!"

The two messenger boys clasped hands.

It was in Madison Street—that busy thoroughfare where many streams of humanity meet in whirling vortexes.

The afternoon sun lighted up the features of Cyril Smith, the courageous young messenger boy.

His steel-grey eyes glinted as he gazed at his friend and comrade, Alexander. He had regular features and a regular suit of messenger boy clothes.

"I hope you are well, Alexander," he said, a smile lighting up his handsome face.

"Oh, yes; quite well, indeed," responded Alexander.

There was a short silence, broken only by the continuous uproar of the street. Then Alexander asked: "Where are you going?"

"I am delivering a death message," replied Cyril thoughtfully.

"Well, I must ascertain how the baseball game is progressing," said Alexander, and, shaking our hero by the hand, he moved away.

"Alexander is a strange youth," said Cyril musingly. "I sometimes think he must be pessimistic."

At that moment the shriek of a woman in agony smote upon his ears.

"What is this?" he asked. "A woman in trouble? I must buy an extra and find out what has occasioned this disturbance."

For at that moment the newsboys were shouting the extras, which told why the woman had screamed.

Such is life in a great city.

Our hero ran towards the corner.

He saw a beautiful woman struggling in the grasp of a fashionably-attired man.

She was a magnificent creature. Great swirls of chestnut hair fell in profusion down her back. The alabaster whiteness of her face served to intensify her beauty. She wore a diamond necklace, diamond earrings, and her lily-white hands flashed with precious jewels.

Bing! With a well-directed blow Cyril sent the fashionably-dressed man sprawling on the pavement. With the other arm he supported the fainting woman.

She turned an appealing look at our hero and said:

"Oh, sir, save me!"

Bing!

With a well-directed blow Cyril sent the fashionably-dressed man sprawling on the pavement. With the other arm he supported the fainting woman. Then with the other hand he picked up the lace handkerchief which had fallen to the ground and presented it to her with a graceful bow.

"Drat you!" shouted the villain, struggling to his feet. "I shall cause you to rue this deed."

"Coward!" exclaimed Cyril, with a curling lip. "How dare you strike this woman?"

"We shall meet again," said Cyril's antagonist ominously, and with these words he stepped into a carriage and was driven rapidly away.

Our hero now turned his attention to the beautiful creature who reclined in his arms.

"Speak! speak!" he whispered.

Slowly the glorious eyes opened, and then she asked in tremulous tones:

"Where is he?"

"Gone."

"Where to?"

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"That I cannot say, madam," responded Cyril, for though he was only a messenger boy he had been taught to be courteous.

"His name is Rudolf Belmont. He must be followed."

"Yes, madam."

"He has taken the papers which prove that I am the real owner of the Belmont estate."

A shudder passed through our hero's frame. Then, recovering himself, he said: "Madam, I will follow that villain and recover the papers."

"Oh, thank you!" said she, and for a few minutes she wept softly.

Finally she lifted her tear-stained face and said: "Summon a conveyance, and, if you are ever in need of a friend, come to this number," saying which she gave Cyril an engraved card and offered him a purse containing gold.

"No, madam," said Cyril, with dignity, "I will not take your money. My salary is sufficient to permit me to live in comparative luxury."

The cab which he had summoned arrived at this moment. He assisted his fair companion to enter the cab, and then turned his attention to the carriage, which was by this time nearly a mile away.

And as he sped along the street he chanced to read the card given to him by the beautiful lady . . . "Merciful Heaven!" he gasped. "My mother!"

"That wretch shall not escape me," he said determinedly, and without further ado he started in pursuit of the carriage, which was now a mile and a quarter away.

And as he sped along the street he chanced to read the card given to him by the beautiful lady. It ran thus:

Mrs. Gertrude Fisher.

778, Michigan Boulevard.
Second Flat.

"Merciful Heaven!" he gasped. "My mother!"

CHAPTER II.

Treachery.

It will be remembered that we left our hero pursuing the carriage containing Rudolf Belmont.

In a few moments he overtook the equipage and saw Rudolf Belmont enter a tall mansion in 12th Street.

Our hero secreted himself behind a large tree, determined to wait for an opportunity to enter the house.

An hour passed.

Cyril began to feel the pangs of hunger, but he was determined not to abandon his post.

"Ah, sir, you are a handsome youth," said someone behind him, and Cyril turned to behold a tall, handsome stranger.

Our hero acknowledged the compliment with a pleasant bow, and soon he was in conversation with the stranger.

Before departing the stranger gave our hero a box of crackerjack, which he devoured with a relish, as it had been nearly two hours since he had tasted food.

Scarcely had he finished eating when he felt a strange faintness. Everything seemed to swim before his gaze, as though he were in a natatorium. He had to lean against the tree for support.

Suddenly the truth flashed upon him!

The crackerjack had been drugged.

The whole earth seemed enveloped in darkness. He sank to the ground.

He heard a voice: "Away with him to the basement."

It was the voice of Rudolf Belmont.

Then all was blank.

CHAPTER III.

The River.

When our hero recovered consciousness he found himself bound and gagged and being

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He felt a strange faintness. Everything seemed to swim before his gaze.

carried along a dark thoroughfare by two rough-looking men.

He was blindfolded, but he knew the men were rough-looking. They always are.

A drizzle of rain was falling, and the sky overhead was inky black.

Cyril heard a voice. It was the voice of Rudolf Belmont. He was speaking to the two rough-looking men. He said: "Do your work well. Then meet me at the Rock Island depôt and you shall have your money."

Cyril's heart seemed to stand still! What were they going to do?

The two ruffians carried him along a dark wall. He heard beneath him the lapping of the waves. The two men spoke in muttered oaths.

He knew the horrible truth.

The river!

Our hero felt himself lifted.

Then he fell, down and down.

Splash!

The dark waters closed above him!

CHAPTER IV.

Alexander to the Rescue.

Just as the body disappeared and the two ruffians ran back into the dark thoroughfare, a boat shot across the river.

"I thought I heard something drop into the murky river," said Alexander; for it was he. "I suspect foul play."

At that instant he saw a form rise to the water's surface. He reached forth and pulled our hero into the boat. It was the work of a moment to remove the gag and ropes.

"Cyril!"

"Alexander! What are you doing here?"

"I was taking a boat ride, when I heard a sound indicating that someone had been thrown into the river. What does it mean?"

"Quick! I have no time to tell now. We must get to the Rock Island depôt. Have you your revolvers with you?"

"Yes," said Alexander, producing his trusty weapons and inspecting them carefully.

"Then come with me, for we have not a moment to spare."

With one strong pull the boat reached the shore. Our hero hastened up the bank, closely followed by Alexander, and ran toward the Rock Island depôt.

Just as our hero and his companion dashed into the train-shed a man with a slouch hat pulled down over his face ran for a train, which was slowly moving out of the station.

That man was Rudolf Belmont!

CHAPTER V.

Thwarted.

Our hero, it will be recalled, saw Rudolf

Our hero felt himself lifted. Then he fell, down and down. Splash! The dark waters closed above him.

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At that instant he saw a form rise to the water's surface. He reached forth and pulled our hero into the boat.

Belmont running to catch the train. He redoubled his speed.

As Rudolf Belmont swung on the last platform, Cyril followed closely.

He seized the object of his pursuit. They grappled and fell from the train.

Our hero fell underneath.

"Curse you, though you had nine lives, like a cat, your time has come now," hissed Rudolf Belmont, drawing a revolver and pointing it at our hero's head.

At that instant a pistol shot rang out, and Rudolf Belmont emitted a cry of pain.

The revolver fell from his hand.

The faithful Alexander had put a bullet through the villain's hand.

The next instant Cyril was on his feet, and Rudolf Belmont was in the custody of a stalwart policeman.

"You came at an opportune moment," said our hero, with a quiet smile, as he shook hands with Alexander. Then, turning to the policeman, he said: "Your prisoner has in his possession certain papers which I wish to secure, after which you may take him to prison."

The policeman touched his cap respectfully, and Cyril removed the bundle of papers from Rudolf Belmont's inner pocket.

Rudolf Belmont was led away cursing.

CHAPTER VI.

UNITED.

"MOTHER!"

"Cyril!"

It was indeed a happy evening at the magnificent home in Michigan Boulevard.

"I have brought you the papers, mother," said Cyril modestly.

"My brave boy!" she murmured, with pardonable pride. "You must not forget your friend, who so bravely came to your succour." and she handed Alexander a thousand-dollar note.

Little remains to be told.

Rudolf Belmont served a life-sentence in prison.

Cyril Smith lives happily with his mother, Mrs. Fisher,* who is as young and beautiful as ever. Often, on pleasant evenings, they entertain at dinner a thoughtful man with a brown moustache and genteel suit of dark material. That man is a member of the Knights of Pythias; but if we look again we will see that he is none other than our old friend Alexander.

*How was it that Mrs. Fisher's son was called Cyril Smith? Well, frankly, I do not know. Possibly Mrs. Fisher may have been married several times; or perhaps her son may have been called Cyril Smith Fisher.—EDITOR "ROYAL."

At that instant a pistol-shot rang out, and Rudolf Belmont emitted a cry of pain.

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The World Through Other Eyes

VII.—THE FIREMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

Another Article of this Unique Series. The Reader, for the Time Being, Becomes a Fireman: is Whirled through the Streets on a Fire-engine to the Conflagration, and there Experiences the Thrill of a Rescue from a Burning Building.

By A. E. Johnson.

One touch to the harness hanging overhead and collar and traces fall with a snap into position as the horses are put to. The fire is crackling and spluttering beneath the boiler, before even the crew of the engine have slipped on helmets and boots.

As the driver springs to his box, the great doors run smoothly back, and the restive horses are out and away at the gallop with their load, red-painted and gleaming with burnished brass, belching forth smoke and fiery sparks as it sways wildly behind them.

My post is upon the horsed escape that follows. As we rattle out into the roadway the muttered words "*Brigade Call*" are bandied from mouth to mouth. No false alarm this. A message has come down from the watch-tower, and we are bound for a blaze that is threatening half of South London.

Excitement is in the air; in the white faces of the bystanders, wonderingly upturned to gaze at us; in the rush and hurry with which the traffic draws aside to leave a clear course for us. Far away down the long street is the engine, rapidly diminishing, bobbing this way and that, its roaring fire strewing the roadway with a wake of glowing cinders.

Our driver shakes the reins, and the willing horses break into a gallop. With a tightening grip upon the brake-handle, I set my teeth and nerve myself for the race. For a race it is—a race with a foe both fast and furious—a race, it may be, with death. The blood, swift-coursing through my veins, sets me a-tingling from head to foot. But my brain is as ice. My faculties, sharpened and alert for use, are steady, though my heart thumps loudly against my ribs, and ever and anon, as we swerve round a corner upon two wheels, or miss the kerbing by a literal hair's breadth, leaps, as the phrase is, to my mouth.

I throw a momentary glance at the face of the driver at my elbow. If it be imperative that *my* head should be cool as I cling here to the brake-handle, of what iron nerve must he be who thus, at breakneck speed, would drive the unwieldy thing that sways and bumps beneath us? Stern and set is the profile that catches my eye; grim, terrible almost, in the intensity of its earnestness. With forward-leaning body, outstretched arms, and fierce, intent gaze, scarce heeding the frantic horse-flesh thundering beneath, but bent fixedly ahead, as though it would shrivel aught that opposed our onward progress, there is something almost terrible in this madly-urging figure on the box. He drives furiously.

As we dash headlong forward, a van, turning suddenly a corner, crosses our path.

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From the fire-engine as it dashes through the streets, the firemen see the straight road before them lined on both sides with vehicles that have hastily made room so that nothing should bar their progress to the rescue. Ahead a great red glare illumines the sky, towards which they are fast approaching.

Simultaneously we give tongue: "*Hai-yai-yai!*" Not sharp and short, but long-drawn out and menacing. Everyone knows the fireman's warning chorus. It pierces the noisiest din of London's traffic, and strikes panic to the stoutest heart. None dares, or can be deaf to its dire note. "*Hai-yai-yai!*" The startled van-man throws a frightened glance over his shoulder, and is out of the way double quick. With a clatter of hoofs and a ponderous rattle we are past him and gone.

On, on, on, swaying to this side, reeling to that, onward we hold our way. Upon the foot-paths motion is arrested. It is as though we drove before us some breath of magic that transfixed the limbs. At the first shout the teeming streets are frozen.

With scarce one slackening of speed, we reach the scene of disaster. A dense black crowd bars the way, shifting and struggling beneath the rolling clouds of thick smoke to gain, if possible, a nearer point of vantage from whence to watch the red, raging battle of human skill and courage against the elemental wrath of fire. The driver at my elbow drives straight on, threatening to trample roughshod over the multitude before us. But as the galloping horses swoop down, a way is cleft through the press. Beyond, the brakes are jammed on, and our reeking beasts, for the first time, feel the reins drawn tight.

A thick canopy of yellow smoke hangs overhead, and beneath crackles and roars a huge bonfire of which a dozen buildings or more form the fuel. All around is lit up fiercely, and for miles the sky is illumined with a ruddy glare.

The contents of the warehouses burn like tinder; and doomed as well is the dwelling-

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house at the corner. All round are ranged engines by the score, pumping water as fast as pistons can work, through the network of hose-pipes which cross and re-cross the roadway.

Tall columns of water spout into the air on every hand, and shower down upon the blazing mass. The hissing of the water on the fire mingles with the crackling of the flames as they hungrily lick the walls, devouring timbers and twisting into fantastic shapes the stoutest iron girders.

In a corner stands a forlorn group of refugees from the corner house, watching with frightened eyes the holocaust from which they have been saved.

"All out!" ejaculates a comrade of the engine crew as I jump to the ground, jerking his thumb towards the pitiful group. The escape, therefore, is not needed.

A panic-stricken figure suddenly darts towards me from the little group. Her cheeks are blanched, terror is in her eyes. Her lips work spasmodically, but the tongue cleaves to the parched roof, and she cannot speak. She catches my arm with convulsive grip and points frantically up at the corner house. Her meaning is but too plain.

"Which floor?" I shout in her ear.

With an effort she finds her voice.

"Third," she gasps.

The chief officer has overheard, and a sharp order rings out. In a trice, the escape is against the wall. With trembling finger the woman feverishly points out a window. This is in a court where the escape cannot reach it. But overhead runs a narrow parapet reaching to the window-sill, and to that the ladder is run.

In a flash, two of us are swarming up the rungs—myself first, a mate close on my heels. At the head of the ladder my comrade waits, while I run carefully along the parapet to the window. The latter is shut, but a

Closely following on the engine comes the fire-escape. This picture presents the view that the firemen, seated behind the driver, obtain. The helmets of their comrades in front gleam in the glare of the passing lights, and the great red folding ladder looms up in front of them.

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single blow suffices to smash in the lower half. Mingling with the clatter of the falling glass comes a woman's cry. The room is rapidly filling with smoke, which pours in through the crevices of the door, but as I cock one leg over the sill and climb in, I catch sight of an aged and apparently bed-ridden dame, clinging to a young woman kneeling beside her.

There is no time for questions. In a couple of strides I reach the bed. The younger woman endeavours vainly to disengage her mother's clutches (the reason, I learn later, of her being unable to call for help from the window), and I am obliged to release her forcibly. Once hoisted, sack-wise, across my shoulders, the old dame, save that her fingers close like eagle's talons upon my tunic, is limp and helpless. So much the better. I reach the ladder-head, and hand over my burden to my mate.

As he commences his descent I turn and hurry back to the room.

But trouble is in store. The younger woman is still there, though I can scarcely distinguish her in the smoke that now completely fills the room. She has opened the door, and outside I can hear the crackling of the woodwork, as the flames leap eagerly up the staircase. The eyes smart in the stifling smoke, and the pungent smell of burning paint assails both throat and nostrils.

The woman is running distractedly to and fro between the door and the window. Her hair streams over her shoulders, her dress is disordered, and her eyes, distended, bulge with panic and alarm—a wild, terrible figure. At sight of me she flings herself bodily at me; but as I bend to receive her weight she draws back.

"My children! my children!" she shrieks, and seizing me by the arm, drags me with a burst of superhuman fury to the door. With difficulty I make out that there are children locked in the room overhead. The lower part of the house is burning fast, and the staircase of the upper floor is already catching fire. There is no time to lose. But the woman hampers me. She clings to my arm, and will not let me go. Only one course is possible. I must be rid of her first.

Catching her suddenly round the middle, in a moment I have her slung across my shoulders. She struggles, but I have her fast, and, tightening my grip, I crawl as best I can through the open window. All has happened in less time than it takes to tell, but already I feel suffocated and choking.

The woman is delirious. Her reason totters on the brink of destruction, if madness has not already seized her. She waves her arms wildly, and with shriek upon shriek, strident and marrow-curdling, pierces the din below.

To tread in safety a narrow ledge scarce two feet wide, on either side of which is a sheer drop to the hard paving stones of the street, while carrying on your shoulders an insensible figure, is a matter that requires some skill, great care, and unshakable nerve. To do so, with a load which, instead of being insensible, is very much alive and kicking, is a task from which, in calm moments, the most sure-footed might shrink.

It is a perilous passage. I hold my burden with the grip of a vice; but for all that, she throws her body about, and several times causes me to totter. Once a downward glance reveals to me the roadway littered with hose-pipes and all the tackle of the engines, and speckled with the white, up-turned faces of my comrades watching me with breathless gaze. Beyond, without the cleared area kept by the stalwart police, a great mass, wide and deep, blocks the roadway—a dense black mass, blotched rather than speckled with the irregular white patches of the spectator's faces.

It is but the most fleeting of glimpses, however; my eyes are glued to the strip of white stone stretching before me—the narrow path that alone can bring me to safety. One false step, and we are hurled to destruction. My brain—my instinct rather—works at lightning speed, anticipating every movement of my struggling burden. Once, a sudden jerk compels me to cross legs in order to maintain an even balance. For an instant I hover on the very edge of the parapet, and my eye, though it never leaves the narrow strip in front, perceives a sudden swaying in the blurred crowd below.

At the head of the ladder stands my mate, his face working with anxiety, and his outstretched fingers twitching to assist me. He knows that it would be worse than useless to try to meet me half-way. Three paces away, I stagger again. This time I feel myself lost. I totter, endeavour vainly to regain equilibrium and overbalance. Inevitably I must fall; I see it clearly. With a final effort I lurch forward, stumble onwards for three steps, and just as I topple over am stayed by my mate's firm grasp of my knees.

It is no easy task to transfer my burden. But by dropping astride of the parapet I manage it. Then back to where the open

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window is belching forth thick smoke. No time to pause No time to realise the meaning of that confused babel of shouts and cheers which reaches me from the roadway.

Drawing a deep breath as I dash along the parapet, I fling myself in at the window Nothing is visible in the smoke; but, recollecting the whereabouts of the door, I make blindly for it. In a moment I am out upon the landing, and leaping three stairs at a time to the floor above.

The staircase is of the "well" pattern, and up the chimney thus formed the fire is roaring as in the crater of a volcano. The heat is terrific, and, though the flames have not yet reached the topmost storey, the paint upon the woodwork is blistering fast. My hands are scorched; the skin upon my face feels drawn and tight.

A shout as I reach the upper landing is answered by a child's cry from within the further of the two attics. With a bound I am at the door. It is locked. The reason of the mother's anguish is plain. The children shut in, and the key lost!

Three furious blows from the axe suffice to stave in the wooden framework. Retiring a few paces I charge, shoulder-first, at the wreckage. The shattered fragments break into splinters beneath my weight, and I stumble headlong into the room.

Two children are crouching beneath the skylight—a small boy and a wee girl. The latter is sobbing in a paroxysm of terror, but the boy, though his cheeks are ashen and his lips tremble, is manfully trying to maintain a reassuring composure.

The little girl is too frightened to move, but stretches out her hands to me beseechingly. The boy puts her into my arms.

As he swarms up the ladder on his work of rescue, the fireman sees the many rungs he must climb, the shower of sparks, the great canopy of smoke overhead, and perhaps——a terrified person, gazing down at him appealingly.

"Wait here till I come," I tell the lad as I turn to go. The plucky youngster nods his head.

Out again into the fringe of the roaring furnace. The flames are creeping up apace. Will there be time for a second journey? Tiny fingers clutch the collar of my tunic, and the terrified child hides her face upon my shoulder. Nothing could be better. An easy burden this! I clear the last six steps at one jump, and in another moment am clambering once more on to the parapet.

Even as I do so, there is a fearful crash. I pause not to see what has happened, but I can guess that the lower part of the staircase banister and a flaming door, which I had noticed leaning over the well as I came down, have fallen.

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As I hurry along the parapet, my mind works anxiously. With luck I may reach the attic up the burning staircase once more; but to return, particularly with a living burden, will be impossible, so fierce a hold have the flames. The escape, as I realise with sinking heart, is already stretched to its full extent. Impossible that it should reach to the topmost storey!

At the top of the escape my mate relieves me. I demand a line with all possible speed, and squat down upon the parapet to wait for his return. This is the greatest trial of all. Seconds seem as minutes, minutes as hours. Better the ordeal of fire than the ordeal of inaction in the face of urgent peril.

My eyes wander to the attic in which I know a helpless lad is awaiting death. A thin column of smoke is curling upwards from the skylight in the roof. The room must be rapidly filling with smoke. A fireman is accustomed to gaze unmoved at scenes the most terrible; but, inured as I am to the horrors of fire, an involuntary shudder passes through my frame at the picture which my mind conjures up. Trapped! On the one hand, the raging fire; on the other, a tiny outlet in the roof, too high to reach and too small, even were it get-at-able, to squeeze the body through.

The suspense is intolerable.

Will that rope *never* come? From my high coign of vantage I can descry all that is going on below. I see my comrade reach to the bottom of the escape; I see him hand his precious burden to willing hands outstretched to receive it; I see the hurry which follows his breathless demand for a rope. He is a marvel of celerity, my mate; but for all that it is with difficulty I restrain myself from yielding to an impulse to descend myself and seek to expedite matters. Inaction is unsupportable.

But the rope is on its way. I can see my mate dashing forward with it in his hand. Next instant he has his foot on the bottom rung, and is swarming up. The ladder wobbles and bends beneath the stress of his frantic ascent. He comes nearer, and I wait for him with eager outstretched fingers. As his helmet nears the topmost rung, I lean over and snatch the rope from his hands. Ere he has reached the level of the parapet, I am in at the window once more.

No need to grope for the doorway now. It blazes before me, framed in fire, while beyond red ruin is roaring up the staircase. For a single instant I hang back. But the thing has to be done, and grating my teeth within my tight-shut mouth, I make a wild dash for the upper landing.

A sheet of flame bars the way, at the lowest stair. As I plunge, breakneck, through it, my face feels as though licked by a red-hot tongue, and I hear the frizzling of my eyebrows and the hair about my temples.

Half-way up a burning timber glances off my helmet as it falls. The impact shakes me, and, unthinking, I put out a hand to steady myself, and lay hold of the flaming banister. As I snatch my hand away, the firebrand topples over and falls with a crash, amid a shower of sparks, to the bottom. My hand is sorely burned and blistered, but in my excitement I know it not.

Fiery heat envelopes me, and a smell of scorching clothes is in my nostrils as I reach the attic doorway. Lucky am I to have won through without myself catching fire. In a far corner of the room crouches a huddled figure. The lad has fallen on his knees, shutting his eyes and stopping his ears. My grasp of his shoulder wakes him from a semi-stupor. He looks at me dazed, too completely in the grip of terror to scream or do other than stand tremblingly by.

A table stands in the middle of the room. Dragging it under the skylight, and leaping up, I lay about the window-frame with my axe. Amidst a *débris* of broken laths and plaster, the crazy woodwork breaks away. A few more hacks and a hole is made, big enough to let my body through.

Lifting the boy on to the table, I hoist him up to the opening. He is too weak with fright to pull himself up, but somehow I manage to push him through. To follow myself is the work of an instant, the priceless coil of rope hung round my neck. We are on the leads of the roof and out of the stifling heat for the moment.

But we are standing on the thin crust, as it were, of a volcano. Eruption may come at any moment, and there is need of haste. A low coping protects the edge of the leads. Peering over, I see below the parapet along which I have had to run between the escape and the lower room. Shouting to my mate to come and stand underneath, I fasten the rope, sling-wise, under the arms of the helpless lad beside me.

Still too dazed to resist, the boy climbs obediently over the coping, and I prepare to lower him to my mate. No easy task, slowly to pay out a rope from the end of which a heavy body is dangling in mid-air. I dare not let the rope run out with even moderate speed, as I can see, by the friction against the

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stone, that the boy is swinging to and fro. Were I to lower him too quickly he might pass the parapet below ere my mate could catch him. To pull him up again would be, I know, beyond my power.

I am obliged, therefore, to keep a constant strain upon the rope. Leaning back, to do so, with my foot against the coping I can see nothing of the descent. Inch by inch, the rope is paid out, until my back is ready to break, and my scorched hands can scarcely hold the rough hemp. I begin to have a horrid dread that the body has swung out of reach of my mate, when a sudden slacking of the tension on the rope tells me the feat is accomplished.

Peering over the coping, I catch sight of my comrade, with the rescued boy slung across his shoulder, safely descending the escape. The sight reminds me that I, too, have now to elude the fire-fiend's clutches. To return through the holocaust beneath my feet is impossible, and to descend by means of the escape I must first reach the parapet below. I have still the rope, but as I cast my eye around, no object can I perceive to which it would be possible to fasten an end in order to lower myself.

Only one means of escape is left, and as I look down into the roadway I see a squad of firemen hurrying forward with the jumping-sheet. The chief officer, holding his hands to his mouth trumpet-wise, shouts something to me. The words are unintelligible, but their meaning is explained by the gestures which accompany them. They are motioning me to make my way, if possible, round the corner. Crawling along the coping, I manage to do so. Here no intervening parapet obstructs the way. There is a sheer drop to the roadway beneath.

On the ledge at the top of a burning house. Far below the fireman can see his comrades busy throwing thousands of gallons on the flames. He himself has no means of escape but to jump into the sheet that six firemen are holding below. As he hesitates he can hear the clanking of the fire-engine, and the crash of falling beams within the house. Then he takes his courage in both his hands and makes the awful leap.

A knot of firemen assembles beneath me at the base of the wall. They stand in a ring, and stretched taut in their midst is the jumping-sheet. I know that jumping-sheet. Often enough at drill I have been one of those who held it ready to receive the body of some jumping comrade as he came hurtling down. It is of ample dimensions. But here—here it looks no bigger than a pocket-handkerchief; and, although I have leaped into it at practice many a time, now, from this great height, I hesitate. A man may dive into water scores of times from a height of six feet, and yet shrink from ten.

A ring of white, upturned faces encircles the tiny jumping-sheet. They are waiting

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for me to leap. Still I hesitate. How can I be sure to jump aright? It is so easy to jump too far or too short, and miss that absurdly small spot of safety. And, if I misjudge, how can they below hope to catch me? I shiver on the brink, like a timid bather fearing the icy plunge. Twice I make as if to leap, but draw back again.

A spurt of flame behind me, and a muffled crash under my feet, recall me to my senses. He who hesitates at a fire is lost indeed. On a sudden impulse, before I realise what I am about to do, I leap into space.

My heart receives a sudden shock, a sharp pang, as it were. I gasp and gulp. The initial feeling of fright, momentary only, is succeeded by a sensation of breathlessness and of sickness in the stomach. A feeling of utter helplessness overwhelms me. My legs and arms beat feebly the empty air. They meet with no solid resistance. I can find no purchase, as it were. I am limp and futile. My brain works actively; but its only question is whether or no the jumping-sheet will receive me. I speculate upon it without alarm; I discuss it *pro* and *con*.

It is related that a man who had fallen down a shaft was heard to remark, as he neared the bottom, "Now for the bump!" The story is probably true. My only curiosity is to learn whether my fall will terminate in the semi-resistance of the jumping-sheet, or in a hard, relentless "bump."

It seems minutes, not seconds, since I leaped from the roof. Then, suddenly, the ground, engines, men, and all, rushes up to meet me; I receive an unexpected shock, and find myself lying, shaken but unhurt, in the middle of the sheet, and a ring of familiar faces round me.

The transition from my late plight to my present, so sudden, so complete, for the moment dazes me; I forget where I am. But as I roll on to the ground and regain my legs, recollection comes flooding back into my mind. As I hurry to my post, the plaudits of the crowd fall almost unheeded on my ears. I have other work to do than listen.

Still the fighting of the flames goes on. Now the fire-fiend seems quashed and beaten, only to break out, a moment later, with redoubled fury elsewhere. But at length human skill and patience gain the day. The fire is reported "well in hand," and a number of engines are dismissed from action. My escape is one of the first to be released, and I for one, am not sorry to receive marching orders.

My place at the brake handle is taken by a comrade, and as we trot homewards to the station I gain at length leisure for reflection. My excitement has died out, I feel limp and flabby. The cheers of the people as we pass seem, flat, stale, and profitless. The marrow seems to have dried in my bones. I am bruised, sore, and blistered, my skin is parched and burning.

Yet triumph fills me, the triumph of conquest. The sky behind us far and wide glares luridly in the darkness. But its red is of a sullen and an angry hue, not fierce and glowing as in victory. The fire-fiend is beaten.

JUST THE SAME.

When Mabel was—well, let me see—
Somewhere about the age of three,
And did—just *what* is not important,
But something that she knew she oughtn't;
She didn't hang her little head,
But looked you in the face, and said,
"It wasn't me!"

Now Mabel is or ought to be—
A trifle over twenty-three,
She's just the same as when she stole
The lumps from out the sugar bowl;
And, when she steals your heart, declares
(A vast amount for truth *she* cares)
It wasn't she!

A. L. HARRIS.

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The Story of a Scientist who Wanted to Catch a Glimpse of a Sea-Serpent; and Telling how the Skipper of the **Lily** *Obliged him in this for a Small Consideration.*

"I COULDN'T sweer to a yard or two," said the mate: "but it must ha' been as long as the *Lily*. It was two minutes after midnight, an' I was just on the point o' droppin' below when I 'appened to look over the port bulwarks, an' there, as sure as you're sittin' on that seat, I saw the sea-serpent. Never shall I forget it, not if I live to be as old as Methusela! Now, you say you're a man o' science, an' a member of the Zoo. Can *you* explain it?"

The man of science shook his head. He was an enthusiast, and rather mad. It was his life's ambition to be the discoverer of the only genuine sea-serpent, and he had hurried down to Rockborough because he had read that some fishermen from that port had had a real and perilous adventure with a monstrous reptile of the deep.

"I cannot explain it," he said. "It is a mystery to even cleverer men than I." He did not really believe that there were any cleverer persons than he was; but the affectation of modesty was becoming, and pleased him. The man of science was a retired War Office official, and therefore, not very intelligent. He believed all he read in the newspapers, and credited the romantic narratives of mariners.

"You said," he continued, "that the sea-serpent came on board your steamer—if I heard you correctly?"

"It did. She gives a roll. I clutches the nearest thing, an' I 'ears a' awful squeal. I turns to look, an' there, with a' enormous snout, an' a mouth like a cave, was the sea-serpent! I tell you, I nearly fell dead! It 'ad two eyes—an' as for feet, they was like pillars on the deck. An' them's only its two front feet, or paws, or flappers, as the case might be. I daresay there was dozens more."

"Yes," said the scientist breathlessly. "What then?"

"I was goin' to kick it on the snout," replied the mate, "more in terror nor bravery, when the *Lily* rolled over again, an' the serpent went down. But it took with it two yards o' the bulwarks—that space you saw when you went on board. It was just as if we'd been swept by a sea; but, of course, the serpent 'ad either bit it off or pulled it off."

"You—you—didn't dream this, or—" said

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the scientist. He coughed apologetically as he caught the skipper's stern eye.

"No, sir," answered the skipper, after a long pause. "It's a temp'rance ship, is the *Lily*. As I understand you, sir, you'd like to go out with us an' look for this North Sea serpent if we think we can go back to where we saw it?"

The scientist nodded emphatically.

"I could take you," continued the skipper, "to within a 'undred yards of the very spot, because it was within sight of 'Eligoland—due south, as straight as the crow flies, that the serpent tried to come aboard. Depend upon it, sir, that serpent's in the district now. There's been no fish in that particular spot worth catchin' for a month past, an' what's more nat'ral than the serpent's devoured 'em up or chased 'em away? Answer that, sir?"

"It is impossible—the mystery is too deep," said the scientist. "I should like to see the serpent with my own eyes, to photograph it and sketch it—unless, unless we could catch it!"

"We could have a try for about fifty pound," said the skipper. "That 'ud include coal an' wages an' livin', and make up for not shootin' the trawl; because if you hired us like this, of course, the *Lily* 'ud be yours, so to speak, for the time bein'."

"An' to get a sight of the sea-serpent an' photos, would surely be cheap at fifty pun," said the mate.

"I am prepared to pay that sum," the scientist announced, "and to double it if our expedition is successful. I will send the second fifty when I get back to London."

"Then it's a bargain?" said the skipper.

"Yes," the scientist replied.

"Whatever's the row outside for?" exclaimed the skipper.

"It's only old Ben slangin' the *Otter*, I 'xpect, for trying to carry the pier-'ead away," answered the mate, looking through the window. "She came in a few minutes since—just when Ben went out. Old Ben's one of the pier chaps, sir."

This conversation took place in the waterhouse on the fish-pier, and there was a loud rapping on the door, which the skipper had cautiously locked while the bargain was being struck.

"What's the racket for?" shouted the mate, opening the door.

"They've seen it again!" answered Ben, also shouting, as he entered the little room.

"Seen what?" demanded the mate.

"*It*—the sea-sarpint!" replied Ben. "It's a——"

The mate, unnoticed by the scientist, clapped a hand across his mouth and hurried him to the head of the pier. "Shut up!" he whispered hoarsely; "just now, any way. Tell me in a whisper—what is it? I've got my own suspicions."

Ben leant forward and whispered. Then he gave a subdued roar of laughter. "I'll go an' tell the old idiot from the Zoology Gardins," he added.

"Whatever for?" demanded the mate. "If you do," he vowed savagely, "I'll push you into the water. Even if it *is* what you say, 'ow did it come there? An' even if the *Otter's* brought it in, as you say, I'm not goin' to let you go into that water-'ouse an' blab about it."

"Whativver for?" inquired Ben.

"Because the Old Skipper an' me's goin' to take 'im out to find that sea-serpent," said the mate, "so's he can catch it for the Zoology Gardins. An' he's givin' us fifty pun for doin' it!"

"Whew!" whistled Ben. Then he asked, "Wheer do I come in?"

"You come in on commission—like sellin' fish. As soon as me an' the old Skipper gets the money you'll get a sovereign apiece out of us. Are you on?"

Ben grasped the mate's hand. "Am I on?" he asked reproachfully. "But how can you keep it dark? The *Otter's* men are roarin' it all over the place."

"Thank heaven they're on the Lighthouse Pier," said the mate, "an' we can't 'ear 'em in the water-'ouse. But the point is, we must be off to sea again at once, before he smells a rat. Come on an' help us. You're pretty cunnin'!"

"You go—I'll foller," said Ben, and a moment after the mate had returned to the water-house he threw himself against the door and entered in well-feigned excitement. "Old Skipper," he exclaimed, "the *Otter's* men have seen your sea-sarpint! It got its snout as 'igh as the bridge, an' if the mate 'adn't rushed into the wheelhouse it ud ha' swallered 'im! They let a jet o' steam play on it, an' drove it off that way."

"Gracious me!" exclaimed the scientist. "Give us particulars—but stay, I'll go to the *Otter's* people themselves."

"You'll be smart if you catch 'em," answered Ben. "They've gone to the Three Mariners for a drink, an' then they're goin' straight off to sea. They want to catch the sarpint for a show. There's a fortune in it if they put it in a canvas tent on the sands an' charge a penny a peep. But I must go over

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to the other pier an' help 'em to get away."

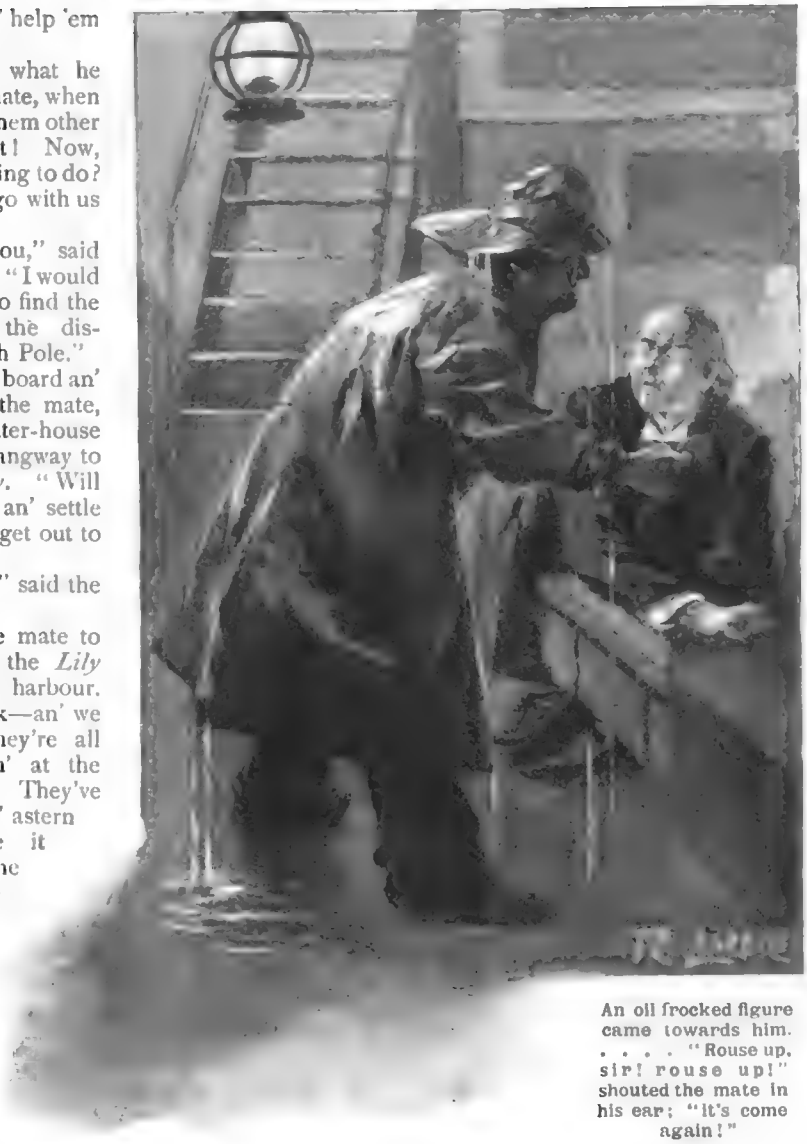
"Did you 'ear what he said?" asked the mate, when Ben had gone. "Them other men's goin' out for it! Now, sir, what are you going to do? Let them get it or go with us an' be first in?"

"I'll go with you," said the scientist firmly. "I would rather be the man to find the sea-serpent than the discoverer of the North Pole."

"Then come on board an' let's be off," said the mate, and they left the water-house and crossed the gangway to the deck of the *Lily*. "Will you go below, sir, an' settle down a bit till we get out to sea?"

"I think I will," said the scientist.

"Now," said the mate to the skipper, when the *Lily* was clear of the harbour. "It's as black as ink—an' we can do it while they're all shoutin' an' gassin' at the Three Mariners. They've got the thing towin' astern—didn't you see it floatin' as we came past? I'll go in the boat and cast their painter loose and bring it aboard. Then we'll tow it out, an' fix it up' an' ram it down 'is throat. We'll give 'im something for 'is money."



An oil frocked figure came towards him. . . . . "Rouse up, sir! rouse up!" shouted the mate in his ear; "it's come again!"

The *Lily* was stopped until the mate sculled to the *Otter* and unfastened a rope which was secured to her stern. This he did unseen, for the Lighthouse Pier was deserted, all the idlers having hurried to the Three Mariners. Then he made his way back to the *Lily*, and the rope having been secured she resumed her voyage, with some mysterious object in tow.

Meanwhile, the scientist had not been able to tell whether the *Lily* was stationary or under weigh. He had stretched himself on a locker, and there being something of a swell off Rockborough, he took but a slight interest even in sea-serpents.

"I've got it all right," the mate told the Skipper. "It's towin' astern, and as big as a balloon. Now, we'll have to do the other part of the business—an' do it well, too. This is where all our cunnin' 'll be needed. Do they all know how to keep their mouths shut?"

"There isn't a man on board who'll blab," replied the skipper. "Lord! An' to think 'at the sea-serpent's a——"

The mate clapped his hand across the

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skipper's mouth as he had done in the case of Ben. "Don't breathe the word," he said, "or the Zoologer may 'ear—an' what then? Do you suppose 'e'd pay up?"

"He might bring a' action for false pretences," replied the skipper uneasily. "But, I say, how are you goin' to bamboozle 'im?"

"That's easy enough," said the mate reassuringly. "He's soft."

"But he comes from London," protested the skipper.

"They aren't all wise men, even in London," remarked the mate. "Let's get the tackle ready. You know what we've got to do? It's this. When we're about fifty mile out we're to 'aul in the slack an' get it—you know what I mean—alongside. Then we're to hoist it up so as it'll rest on deck, as nearly like I saw it the other night as can be. We'll have a lantern shinin' on it, an' all give a yell. Then somebody 'll rush for the Zoologer an' bring 'im on deck. See? Then we'll let it go back into the sea, an' I 'ope that'll be the end of it. He'll see 'is serpent, an' we'll get 'is money; so everybody 'll be satisfied."

"If you could only persuade 'im to take a drop o' something it 'ud help 'im to see things," said the skipper, rather shamefacedly. He had signed the pledge and knew that the mere suggestion of backsliding was sinful.

"It's all right," the mate assured him. "When I saw 'im ten minutes since he was askin' the table-leg why he was ever born. Take my word for it, he'll ha' to be brought on deck by force if he comes up any time this side o' twenty-four hours. Now I'll go an' get the tackle ready and put the show into workin' order."

The mate left the bridge and bustled about the deck and amongst the crew. He gave mysterious orders in a low voice and saw that they were carried out, for they were unusual instructions, and it was imperative that there should be no bungling. Two or three times he went into the cabin and asked the passenger if there was anything he could do for him. Only on one occasion was there a reply, and that was when the passenger begged that he might be left alone, so that he could die in peace.

It was four o'clock in the morning. Rain clouds were scudding across the sky, driven by a strong south-easterly wind. The moon was at full, and its watery disc was visible at times through the rifts. The breeze roared through the rigging of the *Lily* and occasionally a heavy sea broke on board and flooded her deck. Some of the water found its way below, and the passenger wallowed in it without making any attempt at comfort or salvation.

Suddenly he heard a great thud and languidly raised his head.

An oil-frocked figure came towards him. Salt water ran from the sou'-wester which was only three inches from him, and falling on his face it revived him somewhat.

"Rouse up, sir! rouse up!" shouted the mate in his ear; "it's come again!"

"What has?" inquired the passenger.

"The sea-serpent!" shouted the mate.

A wave struck the *Lily*, and she gave a convulsive pitch. This and the excitement helped the passenger on to his feet, and the mate gripped him to prevent him from falling.

"Eh!" cried the passenger.

"The sea-serpent!" repeated the mate. "Just as I saw it afore, only its eyes is shut an' it's got its snout reefed under its chest. I 'xpect it's sleepin', an' is using the *Lily* as a piller. Go on deck an' photograph it, sir."

"You can't photograph by moonshine," said the passenger, in intense excitement; "but I can draw. Come, let us get up. Give me your arm."

"Not me! *I'm* not goin' on deck!" declared the mate in simulated horror. "I told you that if ever it came again I'd run into the stoke-'ole an' 'ide. You go on deck, sir; I'll hold you up."

"But is it—is it dangerous?" asked the passenger.

"There's a'lus risk at sea," replied the mate; "but what's a serpent more or less to a Zoology Gardins man? Come, sir, if you want to see 'im you'd better go on deck; he may go overboard any minute."

"Or he may come on board altogether!" exclaimed the passenger. "Heavens! What's that?" he added, as the *Lily* gave a heavy roll.

"He's tryin' to pull the steamboat over!" shouted the mate. "Go on deck, sir, afore it's too late! You came out 'ere to see the sea-serpent, an' we' want you to get your money's worth. Now, sir, pull yourself together an' get up on deck. I'll give you a lift. Bring your drawin'-board with you. But never mind—you can paint from mem'ry. Now, up we go! Cheerily, my lads!" He had seized the passenger gently but firmly, and got him as far as the short iron ladder which led to the deck. "Up you go!" he said.

"I—I——" protested the passenger.

"Shove your 'ead out, then, an' peep. It may be the chance of a lifetime!" shouted the mate. "It's no good sayin' no. Up you go! There! Do you see it?"

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The passenger put his head cautiously over the hatch coaming. Almost instantly he collapsed and fell into the arms of the mate.

"Great heavens!" he gasped.

"Seen it?" roared the mate.

"At last!" exclaimed the passenger, still gasping.

"Summat *like* a sea-serpent, that, isn't it?" demanded the mate. "I thought it 'ud surprise you. What's it like, sir?"

"Just as you described it," said the passenger. "An enormous brute—big enough to sink the ship."

"Did you see its front feet, or flappers?" asked the mate. "An' its mouth an' 'ead? An' did you see its chest?"

"I saw it all—it is stupendous!" the passenger declared.

"'Ave another look, sir," said the mate.

The passenger cautiously climbed the ladder again.

As he did so there was a united yell from the deck. "Bring a gun!" they heard the skipper shout. "Turn a jet of steam on, an' boil it!" said another voice, which was that of the engineer. "Bring them axes!" said several voices.

The passenger dropped below, trembling. "What a terrible noise! 'he said. "What does it mean?"

"They're attackin' the monster," said the mate. "'Ere, let me get out an' go on deck! I'll 'ave a 'it at it myself. I'd rather die nor be a coward."

He clambered up the ladder and the passenger heard him roar, "All together, boys—bash 'im on the snout. Heave! All clear!" Then the passenger heard a dull splash and the mate tumbled below again, panting and excited.

"We've drove 'im off!" he said triumphantly. "We all 'it 'im together afore he could climb into the steamboat, an' I'll bet you 'e won't come smellin' round the *Lily* any more."

"Gone!" exclaimed the passenger.

"You didn't want a deadly sea-serpent suckin' your blood, an' swallerin' the injens, did you?" asked the mate. "Gone? I should think so! An' I never want to see 'im any more!"

"But—but the drawings!" said the passenger.

"We can manage that," the mate assured him. "Let's do it right away, sir—you're better now, I think?"

"Yes—I'm too excited to be ill," replied the passenger. "But can you get my board from the bag there, and I'll make some sketches while the whole thing is fresh in my

The passenger put his head cautiously over the hatch coaming.

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mind? It is the most wonderful discovery in natural history for generations."

He drew an extraordinary picture of the late occurrence, then another depicting the sea-serpent as he supposed it ought to be, based on the proportions of the part he had seen.

"It seems to me about five 'undred feet long, an' as fat as a marine boiler," commented the mate, in tones of subdued admiration.

"And according to the laws of proportion and from what I saw, it is not a foot less," replied the scientist. "I'm going by the reptiles in the Zoo."

"Very well, sir, you know your own business best," said the mate. "Shall we still keep out here, or would you rather go 'ome? I don't think we shall see that serpent any more. It got a terrible rough 'andlin'."

"We will go back," said the scientist; and like a man of his word, having had his choice, he paid his first fifty pounds, which the skipper took.

They landed him at Rockborough.

"Now 'at you've seen it with your own eyes, are you satisfied?" asked the skipper, in bidding him farewell.

"Perfectly," the scientist assured him.

"If you wasn't," added the mate, "the old skipper ud feel he ought to give you your money back—it ud be against his conscience to keep it. Eh, wouldn't it, old skipper?"

The skipper murmured, "Yes, of course!" but turned a shade paler, and clutched the money very hard.

"Good-bye, sir," said the mate. "You'll be able to teach your feller Zoologers a lot about the wonders of the deep an' the nat'ral history of the North Sea. Will you print a paper on it, sir?"

"Most certainly," responded the scientist.

"With picters, sir?"

"Undoubtedly."

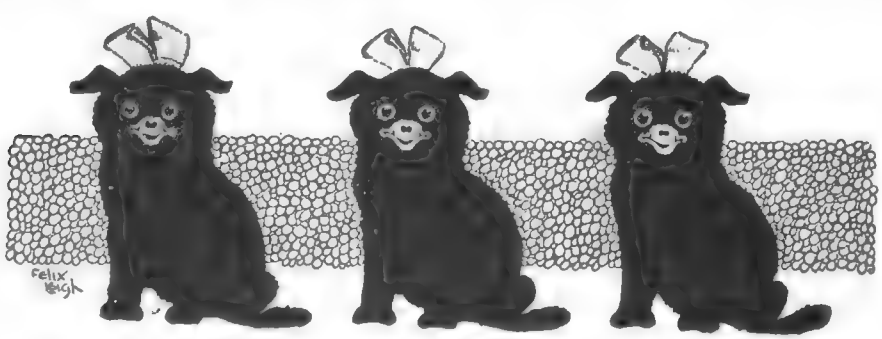
"Then p'raps, sir, you'd send us a copy," said the mate, and the man of science faithfully promised that he would. He further promised that when he had put what he vaguely called the coping-stone on the structure of his investigations he would remit the further promised sum of money.

But neither the extra fifty pounds nor the paper ever reached the fishermen. The paper was never printed; indeed, the man of science never even told his friends that he had been out in search of the monster, for on his return to town, full of enthusiasm and pride, he read a paragraph which drove all the joy out of his existence for the time being, and absolutely prohibited him from taking any steps to recover the fifty pounds he had paid the skipper. He yearned for glory, but he dreaded ridicule. The paragraph was this:—

STRANGE STORY OF A SEA-SERPENT.

Some extraordinary stories of the sighting of a sea-serpent by Rockborough fishermen have been explained and set at rest. It was reported that a huge monster was seen by the crew of the steam-trawler *Lily* a little to the south of Heligoland; and, indeed, the mate of the vessel swore that just after midnight on the 10th instant a strange creature put the fore part of its body over the bulwarks and gave a terrifying scream. To some extent his tale is true, for the monster has proved to be nothing more than an elephant. The creature was being brought from Hamburg to London, and it is supposed that the steamer which was conveying him was sunk by collision, and that, being housed in a box on deck, he broke loose and managed to support himself in the water for some time. On the *Lily* steaming slowly past near him he managed to grip her bulwarks as she rolled, and was partly raised as she went over again. The poor brute gave a scream of terror, and this circumstance, together with his extraordinary and unlooked-for appearance, justified the mate in believing that at last he had beheld the real sea-serpent. It appears, also, that the carcase of the beast was afterwards brought up in the trawl of the *Otter*, another Rockborough trawler, and towed home; but vanished strangely soon after the vessel was made fast in the harbour. It is supposed that the great body was torn away by the tide and drifted out to sea, as incoming trawlers have reported sighting an enormous, distended carcase of some animal floating on its back.

Unfortunate scientist! To think that he had been deceived by the body of an elephant!



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The Good-Looking Man.

A Quiet Little Talk about Handsome Men, Embellished with Portraits of some Famous Living Examples.

By Nancy Dallas.

The question is, what makes a man handsome?

You will hardly ever find two people agreed on that point—especially if they are a man and a woman. I think size and strength go for a great deal with women, and sometimes cause them to find beauty in a face that is really only passably good-looking. Brave deeds, too, cast a glory round a man, and often persuade people that he is physically good-looking, although there is not a perfect feature in his face.

Lord Kitchener, naturally a strikingly handsome man, found that, what with his face and his glorious deeds, life was scarcely worth living when he returned from Egypt to England. He put up at a hotel in town, under the impression that whatever he might have to encounter outside, in his rooms, at any rate, he would be safe from all intruders. He was soon undeceived. Day after day the hotel was besieged by ladies of all kinds. Ladies young, and ladies—not young; ladies pretty, and ladies plain; all eager to claim acquaintanceship with the great general whom they had made their hero.

Lord Kitchener refused to see any of them, and gave strict orders to the distracted officials downstairs that he was on no account to be worried by them, however pressing they might be. Every day, however, there was a small pile of cards in his room, which his admirers had (with a little gentle persuasion) induced a waiter to take up to him. Most of them had enticing notes scribbled in the corner, such as, "At home next Tuesday," or, "In token of my admiration."

Needless to say, these appeals had no effect; but a story goes that, one day, a girl managed to get her card sent up when Lord Kitchener was "in," with a message that if the General could not see her that day she would call again. The great man was

Photo W. & D. Downey

It is not only his sterling qualities, but also his kindly and handsome face which have made King Edward the most popular Sovereign in Europe.

deceived into thinking this was really one of his friends, and she was shown up.

She proved to be a perfect stranger and an extremely gushing hero-worshipper.

"*Dear* Lord Kitchener," she exclaimed, "it is so *good* of you to see me! I have so *longed* to shake you by the hand."

Lord Kitchener looked grimly at her for a moment, and then said unsmilingly, "So you shall, madam, so you shall," and extended his hand.

The girl seized it eagerly, but never will she forget the grip which she encountered that memorable day. Her hand ached for an hour afterwards, and her admiration for her hero cooled off astonishingly from that moment, so that she could hardly find words to express her indignation and hatred of the "horrid wretch."

Lord Kitchener interviewed no more ladies in that hotel, but I do not think he has lost many admirers through the circulation of the story. Everyone will admit that such girls as these deserve all and more than they can ever get in the way of punishment.

Soldiers are, of course, generally allowed to be the most attractive of mortals, but they

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Photo *Reichard & Lindner.*

Although of decidedly foreign appearance, the Kaiser's face has many English admirers.

are not all of the stern, unbending type. It was often a reproach against our army before the Boer War that the officers were, many of them, mere "toy soldiers," strutting proudly in their fine uniforms, but of little use in any serious situation. Many of these dandies and "men about town" proved to be made of much sterner stuff than even their best friends could have believed when it came to the point, and bore privations and discomforts with a cheerfulness that put courage and heart into their men.

When General Sir Reginald Pole-Carew first went out to South Africa the men under his command eyed him with suspicion, as his faultless dress and "society" manner led them to regard him as a "bloomin' toff," who would not understand or sympathise with them. He won their hearts, however, in an amusing manner.

They had come to the banks of a small river which they had to ford, but the water looked most uninviting, and everyone hesitated, waiting to see if someone else would not take the first plunge. Seeing this, General Pole-Carew came forward, and saying in that gentlemanly voice of his that recalls Bond Street and all fashionable resorts, "Come on, you fellows!" he walked into the river. As the "Tommies" watched him plunging his long legs into the muddy water a cheer broke from them, and the verdict went round: "He's a *real* toff, 'e is!" From that moment they would have followed him anywhere.

One of the handsomest men I ever knew was a naval officer. He had the traditional bright blue eyes of a sailor, of which he was inordinately proud, and he had been heard to declare that he was the handsomest man in the British Navy. It is said that, in his craving for admiration, this young man used to even go so far as to pretend to faint, so that he might enjoy the sensation of being fussed over with scent-bottles and smelling-salts by a crowd of attractive Colonial girls—who in any case are ready enough to make much of the officers, both naval and military, that come their way.

He got a little more admiration than he bargained for sometimes, however. His dismay was great when one day a girl of the gushing type came up to him and said:

Photo *Lafayette.*

Even without the uniform the Duke of Connaught would unmistakably pass for a soldier

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"Oh, Mr. S—— do you know what I dreamt last night?"

The sailor confessed that he had not the remotest notion.

"Well," she said impressively, "I dreamed that you and I were engaged. And oh, Mr. S——" she added, clasping her hands, "it was like being in Heaven!"

My friend fled in terror from the house, and could not be induced to return to it. He said he would not think of subjecting the lady to another nightmare—which was the only humble speech I ever heard him make.

To each person one particular form of beauty appeals more than the others. There are many different kinds of good-looking men, and they each have their special admirers.

There is the tall fair man with golden hair, whose curls have been the trial of his boyhood, and brilliant blue eyes, well built, square-shouldered and square-jawed. This is the "god-like" type, the most admired of all, but unfortunately he is seldom met with outside novels. Then there is the dark fierce-looking man, with magnificent black moustache, tall too, but not so massively

Photo *Bassano.*

A stronger face could scarcely be imagined than that of Lord Kitchener.

Photo *Thomson.*

Most girls succumb to the soldierly figure and face of Prince Alexander of Teck.

made. He is generally not half so stony-hearted as his appearance would lead you to believe, and really it is quite easy to "get round" him.

The poet and student, with his dreamy eyes and that general air of being different from other people, attracts many, although he is in such marked contrast to the man of action. There is another kind of good-looking man who, although perhaps not quite so popular, still has his share of admiration; this is the "pretty" man. Such a one I knew, who had languishing brown eyes, a golden moustache, darker hair, and a complexion that a girl might well envy. He was slightly made and was known as "pretty little Mr. Seymour."

There is another kind of handsome man who often imposes on people, but who is really a great fraud. He may be called the "Haw, Haw man." He wears an eyeglass and a very high collar, and when he goes to dances he leans against the wall and says to his hostess, "Aw, thanks, but I don't dawnce."

On one occasion a man of this kind received a very severe shock to his self-esteem. It was at a large dance in town. The hostess noticed a girl standing without a partner. She was pretty and attractive, and

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Photo *Gregory & Co.*

Sir Reginald Pole-Carew is one of the handsomest men in the British Army.

well used to admiration, and it was through a mistake of her own that this dance had remained vacant on her programme. Her hostess, however, determined to tackle a tall good-looking man who was standing languidly in a corner. He was the despair of all dancing girls, and anyone who succeeded in obtaining him for a partner filled the hearts of her friends with wicked envy, for besides being remarkably handsome in a fair British way, James Lethbridge valued himself very highly indeed, and considered that only the very best-looking and most important girls in the room ought to dream of dancing with him.

The consequence was that he was generally to be seen, eyeglass in position, superciliously watching the gay crowd, posing merely as a spectator and not as a partaker in their pleasure. But this time he was fairly cornered, for his hostess came up with a determined smile and said persuasively:

"Mr. Lethbridge, you have no partner, let me introduce you to Miss Silver."

"Aw, really—er," was the reply, "what's she like?"

"Oh, very nice indeed."

"Well," said Lethbridge, quite unconscious that the girl was standing within hearing, "'trot her out'."

The lady led him up and murmured an introduction. Miss Silver looked over him coolly from head to foot for a moment, and then said quietly:

"Thank you—will you trot him back again?"—and snapping her fan, she turned and walked away, leaving her would-be partner agape with astonishment and dismay and those who witnessed the scene undisguisedly delighted.

It is really amusing and not a little consoling to the feminine mind to see how much time and thought some men spend on their personal appearance. I am always hearing sarcastic remarks about the length of time that a girl requires in which to complete her toilette; but have you ever timed a "dandy" when he went up to dress for dinner? I have, and I think an hour and a half is a fairly long time for any man to spend over that operation. The result, of course, was perfectly beautiful, and his tie was enough to bring tears of appreciation to one's eyes

Photo *Elliott & Fry.*

In Parliament, Mr. George Wyndham is admitted to be the handsomest man.

Photo *Window & Grove.*

The popular baritone, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, is one of the best-looking men on the concert platform.

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—but I felt distinctly triumphant, as I had only taken an hour to dress!

It may be safely said that when a man is vain he is ten times more vain than the prettiest girl, and that when a woman is careless of her appearance she is ten times more careless than the most rough-and-ready man.

Actors, it is well known, receive a very large share of admiration, and there is a distinct type of beauty that belongs to this profession, so that if a man has a clean-shaven, keen-looking face he will often be described as looking like an actor. Mr. Forbes Robertson is a very good example of this kind of good looks, and I have often heard them praised enthusiastically.

The best view I ever had of this actor, off the stage, was owing to the impetuosity of a friend of mine, one of his most ardent admirers. I had gone with her one afternoon to a concert at St. James's Hall, and we were coming out into Piccadilly when I exclaimed, "There's Forbes Robertson!"

"Where?" said my friend, "where? *Why* didn't you tell me?"

I tried to explain that I *had* told her the minute I caught sight of him, but she seized my hand and said imperiously, "Come on, we must run."

Photo *Mendelssohn.*

The æsthetic girl raves over the chiselled features and wavy hair of Mr. Richard le Gallienne.

Photo *Langfier.*

Another handsome soldier is Lord Vivian.

I felt rather like Alice in Wonderland; still I thought it would look less mad if I ran too than if I resisted, so I allowed her to pull me along, though running was of course impossible in the crowd.

"We must get in front of him," she explained, as we pushed our way through, "I *must* see him properly."

At last we had overtaken the great actor, but we could not possibly stand still and stare at him. My friend, however, was full of resource, and standing on the curb she looked up and down Piccadilly as if waiting for an omnibus; then, just as Forbes Robertson was approaching, she turned suddenly and took a good look at him. Her gaze was so searching that the actor could not but be conscious of it, and, seeing her eager and unaffected admiration so openly expressed, he smiled slightly, and courteously lifted his hat as he passed us. The girl turned to me with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"Oh," she gasped, "isn't he just *too* lovely!"

Mr. George Alexander has a large following of admirers, too, but I tell him to beware, or it will dwindle sadly. Not long ago I went

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Photo Ellis & Walery.

Mr. Kyrle Bellew is one of the most handsome matinée favourites of America.

to see him in *If I were King*. I found myself next to a girl—young and pretty —who was expressing the most ardent admiration for the actor.

That was before the curtain rose.

When George Alexander appeared, I expected some sign of rapture from his admirer. But at first she seemed quite careless of his presence, and then her gaze changed to one of horror and dismay. Everyone will remember that in the first act the actor appears with shaggy hair and moustache and a pointed beard. This was too much for my little neighbour.

"Why," she exclaimed to her companion, "he's got a beard! How *horrid!* He's not a bit like himself."

She looked quite relieved when her favourite came on in the second act with his familiar smooth-shaven lips, but I do not think she quite got over the shock that evening.

Then, again, Mr. Alexander's recent severe remarks on the subject of "matinée hats" have hurt many people's feelings. "I did not think," said a friend to me the other day, "that he would turn round on us like that, when we have always formed such an important part of his audience."

But George Alexander's charm of manner often reconciles his admirers to his severity, and they have only to pay a visit to St. James's Theatre to be as devoted as ever.

It is quite extraordinary how many men manage to get a reputation for being handsome when they are really nothing of the kind. George Alexander is to some degree an example of this, for I am quite sure that if he were without that characteristic manner of his and that delightful way of "making love" he would not be considered in the least striking as regards looks, and, as it is, I have heard him described as the handsomest man on the English stage.

But the most remarkable instance of how manner and "charm" can quite blind people to physical defects is that of Mr. Lewis Waller. "Physical defects?" I hear you exclaim; "why, Lewis Waller is *perfect!*" But he is very far from perfect, in spite of anything his numerous admirers may say to the contrary. Of course, you understand, I am only speaking of his outward appearance; not for worlds would

Photo Warwick Brooke.

Strong men are seldom famous for their good looks. Mr. Sandow is certainly an exception.

Photo Ellis & Walery.

There are few of the fair sex who can resist the voice, and figure, and face of Mr. Hayden Coffin.

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Photo *Ellis & Walery.*

Some girls have described Mr. Lewis Waller's face as "simply perfect."

Photo *Lafayette.*

The keen-looking, clean-shaven face of Mr. Forbes Robertson is often enthusiastically praised.

I suggest imperfections from any other point of view. But, feature for feature, Mr. Waller has not one single point that can be called beautiful or even fine.

Neither his mouth nor his nose are good, his complexion is sallow, and his eyes, though bright and piercing, are neither large nor well shaped; and yet, with that reckless, devil-may-care manner, that careless, upright carriage of his, and the general charm of his personality, he wins all hearts and compels a large number of admirers to vote him good-looking.

A handsome or "beautiful" man discovers very early in life that, without the slightest effort on his part to be agreeable or to think of the pleasure of others, he is sure to meet with friendly faces and to attach to himself many to whom he has not given a thought. Naturally enough he comes to expect this homage as his right.

Photo *Ellis & Walery*

By his charming manners, and handsome face, Mr. George Alexander has become one of the idols of the "fair sex."

This is the reason why many women much prefer a "magnificently ugly" man to the "beauty" man that I have described. But on the whole the "magnificently ugly" man has quite as good a time as the handsome man, with the added advantage that no one can or has the slightest cause to accuse him of being conceited.

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VI.—THE LISSON GROVE MYSTERY.

By The Baroness Orczy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Old Man in the Corner	Who explains the mystery to—	Nicholson	A charwoman.
The Lady Journalist... ...	Who re-tells it to the Royal readers.	Messrs. Snow and Patterson	Solicitors.
Mr. Dyke	A crippled old man.	Mr. Parlett...	Their clerk.
Miss Amelia Dyke	His daughter.	Wilfred Poad	Manager of a motor-car depôt.
Mrs. Marsh	A neighbour of the Dyke's.	Constable Turner	Who was called in after Mr. Dyke's murder.
Mr. and Mrs. Pitt	Other neighbours.	Mr. and Mrs. Ogden... ...	Witnesses in the murder case.
Alfred Wyatt	*Fiancé* of Amelia Dyke.		

CHAPTER I.

The man in the corner ordered another glass of milk, and timidly asked for a second cheese-cake at the same time.

"I am going down to the Marylebone Police Court, to see those people brought up before the 'Beak,'" he remarked.

"What people?" I queried.

"What people!" he exclaimed, in the greatest excitement. "You don't mean to say that you have not studied the Lisson Grove Mystery?"

I had to confess that my knowledge on that subject was of the most superficial character.

"One of the most interesting cases that has cropped up in recent years," he said, with an indescribable look of reproach.

"Perhaps. I did not study it in the papers because I preferred to hear *you* tell me all about it," I said.

"Oh, if that's it," he replied, as he settled himself down in his corner like a great bird after the rain, "then you showed more sense than lady journalists usually possess. I can, of course, give you a far clearer account than the newspapers have done; as for the police—well! I never saw such a muddle as they are making of this case."

"I daresay it is a peculiarly difficult one," I retorted, for I am ever a champion of that hard-working department.

"H'm!" he said, "so, so—it is a tragedy in a prologue and three acts. I am going down this afternoon to see the curtain fall for the third time on what, if I mistake not,

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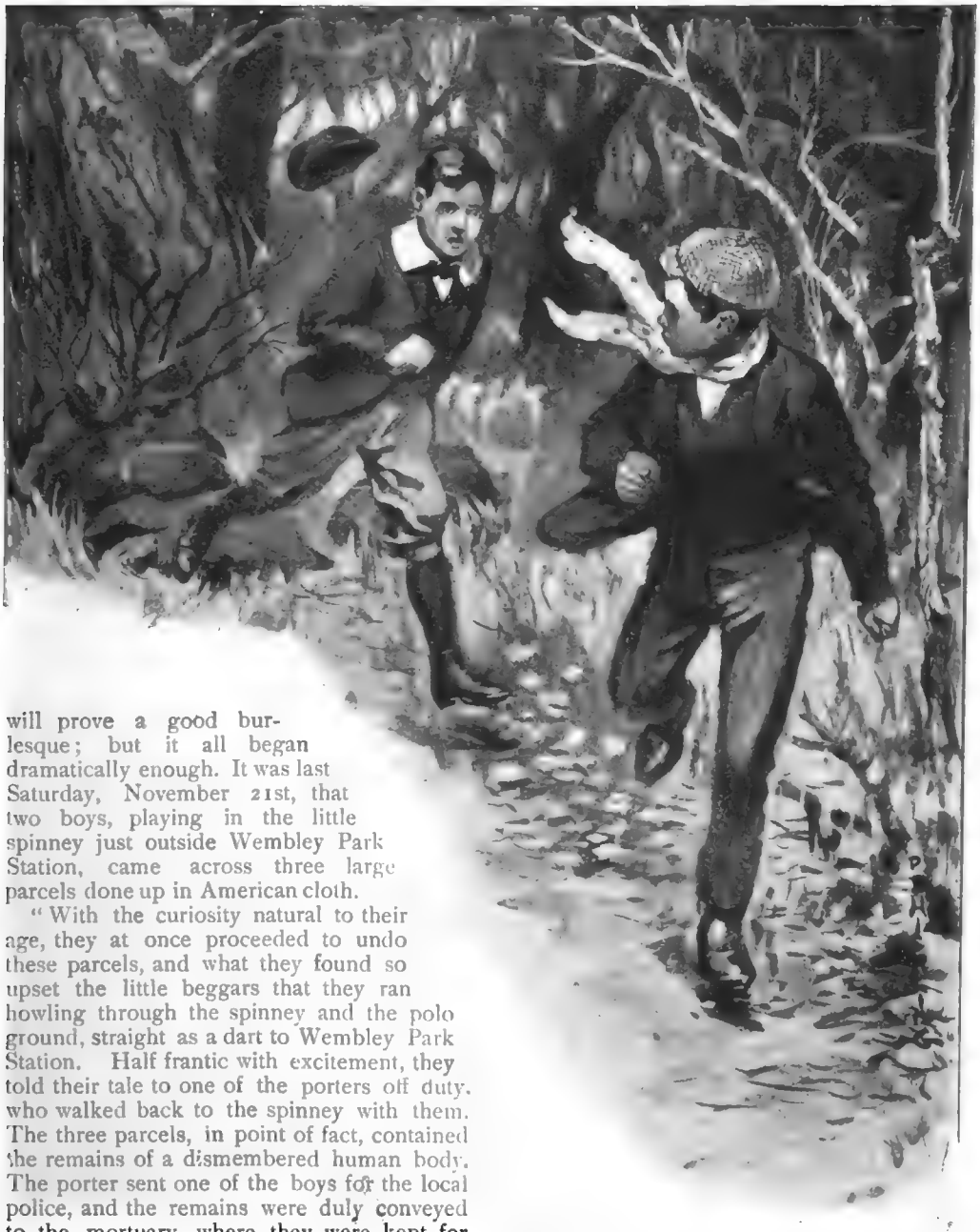

"What they found so upset the little beggars that they ran howling through the spinney."

will prove a good burlesque; but it all began dramatically enough. It was last Saturday, November 21st, that two boys, playing in the little spinney just outside Wembley Park Station, came across three large parcels done up in American cloth.

"With the curiosity natural to their age, they at once proceeded to undo these parcels, and what they found so upset the little beggars that they ran howling through the spinney and the polo ground, straight as a dart to Wembley Park Station. Half frantic with excitement, they told their tale to one of the porters off duty, who walked back to the spinney with them. The three parcels, in point of fact, contained the remains of a dismembered human body. The porter sent one of the boys for the local police, and the remains were duly conveyed to the mortuary, where they were kept for identification.

"Three days later—that is to say, on Tuesday, November 24th, Miss Amelia Dyke residing at Lisson Grove Crescent, returned from Edinburgh, where she had spent three or four days with a friend. She drove up from St. Pancras in a cab, and carried her small box up herself to the door of the flat, at which she knocked loudly and repeatedly—so loudly and so persistently, in fact, that the inhabitants of the neighbouring flats came out on to their respective landings to see what the noise was about.

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"Miss Amelia Dyke was getting anxious, Her father, she said, must be seriously ill, or else why did he not come and open the door to her. Her anxiety, however, reached its culminating point when Mr. and Mrs. Pitt, who reside in the flat immediately beneath that occupied by the Dykes came forward with the alarming statement that, as a matter of fact, they had themselves been wondering if anything were wrong with old Mr. Dyke, as they had not heard any sound overhead for the last few days.

"Miss Amelia, now absolutely terrified, begged one of the neighbours to fetch either the police or a locksmith, or both. Mr. Pitt ran out at once, both police and locksmith were brought upon the scene, the door was forcibly opened, and amidst indescribable excitement Constable Turner, followed by Miss Dyke, who was faint and trembling with apprehension, effected an entrance into the flat.

"Everything in it was tidy and neat to a degree, all the fires were laid, the beds made, the floors were clean and washed, the brasses polished, only a slight, very slight layer of dust lay over everything, dust that could not have accumulated for more than a few days. The flat consisted of four rooms and a bathroom; in not one of them was there the faintest trace of old Mr. Dyke.

"In order fully to comprehend the consternation which all the neighbours felt at this discovery," continued the man in the corner, "you must understand that old Mr. Dyke was a helpless cripple; he had been a mining engineer in his young days, and a terrible blasting accident deprived him, at the age of forty, of both legs. They had been amputated just above the knee, and the unfortunate man—then a widower with one little girl—had spent the remainder of his life on crutches. He had a small—a very small—pension, which, as soon as his daughter Amelia was grown up, had enabled him to live in comparative comfort in the small flat in Lisson Grove Crescent.

"His misfortune, however, had left him terribly sensitive; he never could bear the looks of compassion thrown upon him, whenever he ventured out on his crutches, and even the kindliest sympathy was positive torture to him. Gradually, therefore, as he got on in life, he took to staying more and more at home, and after awhile gave up going out altogether. By the time he was sixty-five years old and Miss Amelia a fine young woman of seven-and-twenty, old Dyke had not been outside the door of his flat for at least five years.

"And yet, when Constable Turner aided by the locksmith entered the flat on that memorable November 24th, there was not a trace anywhere of the old man.

"Miss Amelia was in the last stages of despair, and at first she seemed far too upset and hysterical to give the police any coherent and definite information. At last, however, from amid the chaos of tears and of ejaculations, Constable Turner gathered the following facts:

"Miss Amelia had some great friends in Edinburgh whom she had long wished to visit, her father's crippled condition making this extremely difficult. A fortnight ago, however, in response to a very urgent invitation, she at last decided to accept it, but, in order to leave her father altogether comfortable, she advertised in the local paper for a respectable woman who would come to the flat every day and see to all the work, cook his dinner, make the bed, and so on.

"She had several applications in reply to this advertisement, and ultimately selected a very worthy-looking elderly person, who, for seven shillings a week, undertook to come daily from seven in the morning until about six in the afternoon, to see to all Mr. Dyke's comforts.

"Miss Amelia was very favourably impressed with this person's respectable and motherly appearance, and she left for Edinburgh by the 5.15 a.m. train on the morning of Thursday, November 19th, feeling confident that her father would be well looked after. She certainly had not heard from the old man while she was away, but she had not expected to hear unless, indeed, something had been wrong.

"Miss Amelia was quite sure that something dreadful had happened to her father, as he could not possibly have walked downstairs and out of the house alone; certainly his crutches were nowhere to be found, but this only helped to deepen the mystery of the old man's disappearance.

"The constable, having got thus far with his notes, thought it best to refer the whole matter at this stage to higher authority. He got from Miss Amelia the name and address of the charwoman, and then went back to the station.

"There, the very first news that greeted him was that the medical officer of the district had just sent round to the various police stations his report on the human remains found in Wembley Park the previous

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Saturday: they had proved to be the dismembered body of an old man between sixty and seventy years of age, the immediate cause of whose death had undoubtedly been a violent blow on the back of the head with a heavy instrument, which had shattered the cranium. Expert examination further revealed the fact that deceased had had in early life both legs removed by a surgical operation just above the knee.

"That was the end of the prologue in the Lisson Grove tragedy," continued the man in the corner, after a slight and dramatic pause, "as far as the public was concerned. When the curtain was subsequently raised upon the first act, the situation had been considerably changed.

"The remains had been positively identified as those of old Mr. Dyke, and a charge of wilful murder had been brought against Alfred Wyatt, of no occupation, residing in Warlock Road, Lisson Grove, and against Amelia Dyke for complicity in the crime. They are the two people whom I am going to see this afternoon brought before the Beak at the Marylebone Police Court."

"Both Amelia and Wyatt waved their hands affectionately up towards the window."

CHAPTER II.

"Two very important bits of evidence, I must tell you, had come to light, on the first day of the inquest and had decided the police to make this double arrest.

"In the first place, according to one or two of the neighbours, who happened to know something of the Dyke household,

Miss Amelia had kept company for some time with a young man named Alfred Wyatt: he was an electrical engineer, resided in the neighbourhood, and was some years younger than Miss Dyke. As he was known not to be very steady, it was generally supposed that the old man did not altogether approve of his daughter's engagement.

"Mrs. Pitt, residing in the flat, immediately below the one occupied by the Dykes, had stated, moreover, that on Wednesday the 18th, at about midday, she heard very loud and angry voices proceeding from above; Miss Amelia's shrill tones being specially audible. Shortly afterwards she saw Wyatt go out of the house; but the quarrel continued for some little time without him, for the neighbours could still hear Miss Amelia's high-pitched voice, speaking very excitedly and volubly.

"'An hour later,' further explained Mrs. Pitt, 'I met Miss Dyke on the stairs; she seemed very flushed and looked as if she had been crying. I suppose she saw that I noticed this, for she stopped and said to me:

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"'"All this fuss, you know, Mrs. Pitt, because Alfred asked me to go for a drive with him this afternoon, but I am going all the same."

"'Later in the afternoon, it must have been quite half-past four, for it was getting dark, young Wyatt drove up in a motor car, and presently I heard Miss Dyke's voice on the stairs saying very pleasantly and cheerfully: "All right, daddy, we shan't be long." Then Mr. Dyke must have said something which I didn't hear, for she added, "Oh, that's all right; I am well wrapped up, and we have plenty of rugs!"'

"Mrs. Pitt then went to her window and saw Wyatt and Amelia Dyke start off in a motor. She concluded that the old man had been mollified, for both Amelia and Wyatt waved their hands affectionately up towards the window. They returned from their drive about six o'clock; Wyatt saw Amelia to the door, and then went off again. The next day Miss Dyke went to Scotland.

"As you see," continued the man in the corner, "Alfred Wyatt had become a very important personality in this case; he was Amelia's sweetheart, and it was strange—to say the least of it—that she had never as yet even mentioned his name. Therefore when she was recalled in order to give further evidence, you may be sure that she was pretty sharply questioned on the subject of Alfred Wyatt.

"In her evidence before the coroner, she adhered fairly closely to her original statement:

"'I did not mention Mr. Wyatt's name,' she explained, 'because I did not think it was of any importance; if he knew anything about my dear father's mysterious fate, he would have come forward at once, of course, and helped me to find out who the cowardly murderer was who could attack a poor, crippled old man. Mr. Wyatt was devoted to my father, and it is perfectly ridiculous to say that daddy objected to my engagement; on the contrary, he gave us his full consent, and we were going to be married directly after the New Year, and continue to live with father in the flat.'

"'But,' questioned the coroner, who had not by any means departed from his severity, 'what about this quarrel which the last witness overheard on the subject of your going out driving with Mr. Wyatt?'

"'Oh, that was nothing,' replied Miss Dyke very quietly. 'Daddy only objected because he thought that it was rather too late to start at four o'clock, and that I should be cold. When he saw that we had plenty of rugs he was quite pleased for me to go.'

"'Isn't it rather astonishing, then,' asked the coroner, 'seeing that Mr. Wyatt was on such good terms with your father, that he did not go to see him while you were away?'

"'Not at all,' she replied unconcernedly; 'Alfred went down to Edinburgh on the Thursday evening. He couldn't travel with me in the morning, for he had some business to see to in town that day; but he joined me at my friends' house on the Friday morning, having travelled all night.'

"'Ah!' remarked the coroner drily, 'then he had not seen your father since you left.'

"'Oh, yes,' said Miss Amelia; 'he called round to see dad during the day, and found him looking well and cheerful.'

"Miss Amelia Dyke, as she gave this evidence, seemed absolutely unconscious of saying anything that might in any way incriminate her lover. She is a handsome, though somewhat coarse-looking woman, nearer thirty, I should say, than she would care to own. I was present at the inquest, mind you, for that case had too many mysteries about it from the first for it to have eluded my observation, and I watched her closely throughout. Her voice struck me as fine and rich, with—in this instance also—a shade of coarseness in it; certainly, it was very far from being high-pitched, as Mrs. Pitt had described it.

"When she had finished her evidence she went back to her seat, looking neither flustered nor uncomfortable, although many looks of contempt and even of suspicion were darted at her from every corner of the crowded court.

"Nor did she lose her composure in the slightest degree when Mr. Parlett, clerk to Messrs. Snow and Patterson, solicitors, of Bedford Row, in his turn came forward and gave evidence; only while the little man spoke her full red lips curled and parted with a look of complete contempt.

"Mr. Parlett's story was indeed a remarkable one, inasmuch as it suddenly seemed to tear asunder the veil of mystery which so far had surrounded the murder of old Dyke by supplying it with a motive—a strong motive, too: the eternal greed of gain.

"In June last, namely, it appears that Messrs. Snow and Patterson received intimation from a firm of Melbourne solicitors that a man of the name of Dyke had died there recently, leaving a legacy of

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£4000 to his only brother, James Arthur Dyke, a mining engineer, who in 1890 was residing at Lisson Grove Crescent. The Melbourne solicitors in their communication asked for Messrs. Snow and Patterson's kind assistance in helping them to find the legatee.

"The search was easy enough, since James Arthur Dyke, mining engineer, had never ceased to reside at Lisson Grove Crescent. Armed, therefore, with full instructions from their Melbourne correspondent, Messrs. Snow and Patterson communicated with Dyke, and after a little preliminary correspondence, the sum of £4000 in Bank of Australia notes and various securities were handed over by Mr. Parlett to the old cripple.

"The money and securities were —so Mr. Parlett understood—subsequently deposited by Mr. Dyke at the Portland Road Branch of the London and South Western Bank; as the old man apparently died intestate, the whole of the £4000 would naturally devolve upon his only daughter and natural legatee.

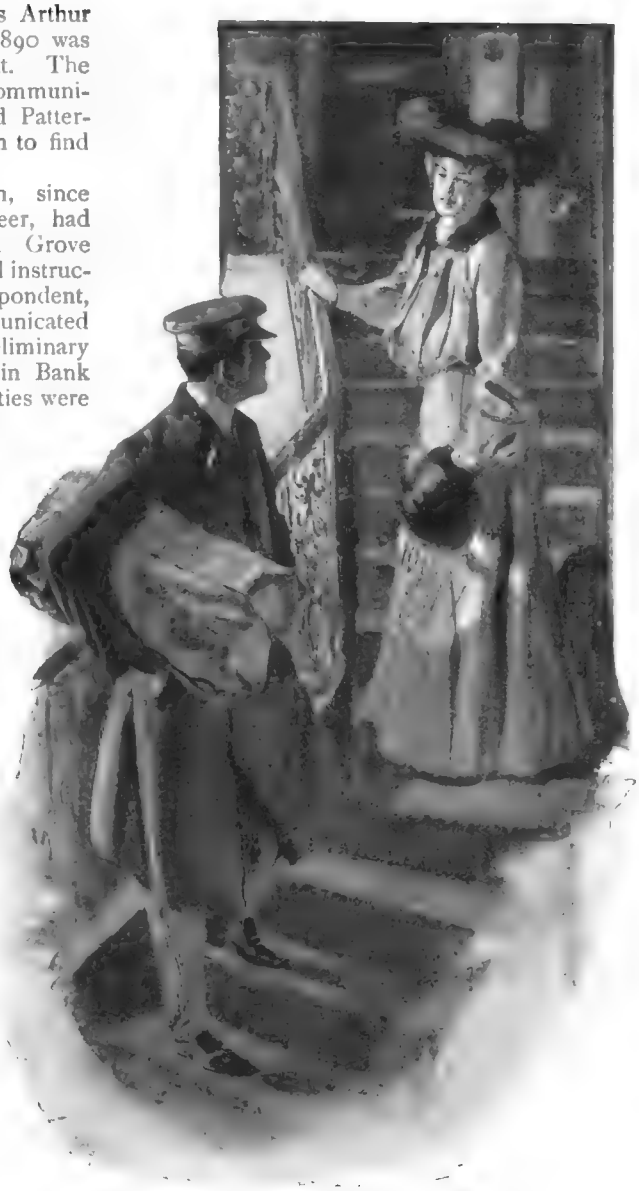
"Mind you, all through the proceedings, the public had instinctively felt that money was somewhere at the bottom of this gruesome and mysterious crime. There is not much object in murdering an old cripple except for purposes of gain, but now Mr. Parlett's evidence had indeed furnished a damning motive for the appalling murder.

"What more likely than that Alfred Wyatt wanting to finger that £4000 had done away with the old man? And if Amelia Dyke did not turn away from him in horror, after such a cowardly crime, then she must have known of it and had perhaps connived in it.

"As for Nicholson, the charwoman, her evidence had certainly done more to puzzle everybody all round than any other detail in this strange and mysterious crime.

"She deposed that on Friday, November 13th, in answer to an advertisement in the *Marylebone Star* she had called on Miss Dyke at Lisson Grove, when it was arranged that she should do a week's work at the flat, beginning Thursday, the 19th, from seven in the morning until six in the afternoon. She was to keep the place clean, get Mr. Dyke—who, she understood, was an invalid—all his meals, and make herself generally useful to him.

"Accordingly, Nicholson turned up on the Thursday morning. She let herself into the flat, as Miss Dyke had entrusted the latch-key to her, and went on with the work. Mr. Dyke was in bed, and she got him all his



"She stopped to ask him how Mr. Dyke was."

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meals that day. She thought she was giving him satisfaction, and was very astonished when, at six o'clock, having cleared away his tea, he told her that he would not require her again. He gave her no explanation, asked her for the latch-key, and gave her her full week's money—seven shillings in full. Nicholson then put on her bonnet, and went away.

"Now," continued the man in the corner, leaning excitedly forward, and marking each sentence he uttered with an exquisitely complicated knot in his bit of string, "an hour later, another neighbour, Mrs. Marsh, who lived on the same floor as the Dykes, on starting to go out, met Alfred Wyatt on the landing. He took off his hat to her, and then knocked at the door of the Dyke's flat.

"When she came home at eight o'clock, she again passed him on the stairs; he was then going out. She stopped to ask him how Mr. Dyke was, and Wyatt replied: 'Oh, fairly well, but he misses his daughter, you know.'

"Mrs. Marsh, now closely questioned, said that she thought Wyatt was carrying a large parcel under his arm, but she could not distinguish the shape of the parcel as the angle of the stairs, where she met him, was very dark. She stated though that he was running down the stairs very fast.

"It was on all that evidence that the police felt justified in arresting Alfred Wyatt for the murder of James Arthur Dyke, and Amelia Dyke for connivance in the crime. And now this very morning, those two young people have been brought before the magistrate, and at this moment evidence — circumstantial, mind you, but positively damning—is being heaped upon them by the prosecution. The police did their work quickly. The very evening after the first day of the inquest, the warrant was out for their arrest."

He looked at a huge silver watch which he always carried in his waistcoat pocket.

"I don't want to miss the defence," he said, "for I know that it will be sensational. But I did not want to hear the police and medical evidence all over again. You'll excuse me, won't you? I shall be back here for five o'clock tea. I know you will be glad to hear all about it."

CHAPTER III.

When I returned to the A.B.C. shop for my tea at five minutes past five, there he sat in his accustomed corner, with a cup of tea before him, another placed opposite to him, presumably for me, and a long piece of string between his bony fingers.

"What will you have with your tea?" he asked politely, the moment I was seated.

"A roll and butter and the end of the story," I replied.

"Oh, the story has no end," he said with a chuckle; "at least, not for the public. As for me, why, I never met a more simple 'mystery.' Perhaps that is why the police were so completely at sea."

"Well, and what happened?" I queried with some impatience.

"Why, the usual thing," he said, as he once more began to fidget nervously with his bit of string. "The prisoners had pleaded not guilty, and the evidence for the prosecution was gone into in full. Mr. Parlett repeated his story of the £4000 legacy, and all the neighbours had some story or other to tell about Alfred Wyatt, who, according to them, was altogether a most undesirable young man.

"I heard the fag end of Mrs. Marsh's evidence. When I reached the court she was repeating the story she had already told to the police.

"Someone else in the house had also heard Wyatt running helter-skelter downstairs at eight o'clock on the Thursday evening; this was a point, though a small one, in favour of the accused. A man cannot run downstairs when he is carrying the whole weight of a dead body, and the theory of the prosecution was that Wyatt had murdered old Dyke on that Thursday evening, got into his motor-car somewhere, scorched down to Wembley with the dismembered body of his victim, deposited it in the spinney where it was subsequently found, and finally had driven back to town, stabled his motor-car, and reached King's Cross in time for the 11.30 night express to Edinburgh. He would have time for all that, remember, for he would have three hours and a half to do it in.

"Besides which the prosecution had unearthed one more witness, who was able to add another tiny link to the already damning chain of evidence built up against the accused.

"Wilfred Poad, namely, manager of a large cycle and motor car depôt in Euston Road, stated that on Thursday afternoon, November 19th, at about half-past six o'clock Alfred Wyatt, with whom he had had some business dealings before, had hired a small car from him, with the understanding that he need not bring it back until after eleven p.m.

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This was agreed to, Poad keeping the place open until just before eleven, when Wyatt drove up in the car, paid for the hire of it and then walked away from the shop in the direction of the Great Northern terminus.

"That was pretty strong against the male prisoner wasn't it? For, mind you, Wyatt had given no satisfactory account whatever of his time between eight p.m., when Mrs. Marsh had met him going out of Lisson Grove Crescent, and eleven p.m., when he brought back the car to the Euston Road shop. 'He had been driving about aimlessly,' so he said. Now one doesn't go out motoring for hours on a cold, drizzly night in November for no purpose whatever.

"As for the female prisoner, the charge against her was merely one of complicity.

"This closed the case for the prosecution," continued the funny creature with one of his inimitable chuckles, "leaving but one tiny point obscure, and that was, the murdered man's strange conduct in dismissing the woman Nicholson.

"Yes, the case was strong enough, and yet there stood both prisoners in the dock, with that sublime air of indifference and contempt which only complete innocence or hardened guilt could give.

"Then when the prosecution had had their say, Alfred Wyatt chose to enter the witness box and make a statement in his own defence. Quietly, and as if he were making the most casual observation he said:

"'I am not guilty of the murder of Mr. Dyke, and in proof of this I solemnly assert that on Thursday, November 19th, the day I am supposed to have committed the crime, the old man was still alive at half-past ten o'clock in the evening.'

"He paused a moment, like a born actor, watching the effect he had produced. I tell you, it was astounding.

"'I have three separate and independent witnesses here,' continued Wyatt, with the same deliberate calm, 'who heard and saw Mr. Dyke as late as half-past ten that night. Now, I understand that the dismembered body of the old man was found close to Wembley Park. How could I, between half-past ten and eleven o'clock, have killed Dyke, cut him up, cleaned and put the flat all tidy, carried the body to the car, driven on to Wembley, hidden the corpse in the spinney, and be back in Euston Road, all in the space of half-an-hour? I am absolutely innocent of this crime and, fortunately, it is easy for me now to prove my innocence.'

"Alfred Wyatt had made no idle boast. Mrs. Marsh had seen him running down stairs at 8 p.m. An hour after that, the Pitts in the flat beneath heard the old man moving about overhead.

"'Just as usual,' observed Mrs. Pitt. 'He always went to bed about nine, and we could always hear him most distinctly.'

"John Pitt, the husband, corroborated this statement; the old man's movements were quite unmistakable because of his crutches.

"Henry Ogden, on the other hand, who lived in the house facing the block of flats, saw the light in Dyke's window that evening, and the old man's silhouette upon the blind from time to time. The light was put out at half-past ten. This statement again was corroborated by Mrs. Ogden, who also had noticed the silhouette and the light being extinguished at half-past ten.

"But this was not all; Both Mr. and Mrs. Ogden had seen old Dyke at his window, sitting in his accustomed armchair, between half-past eight and nine o'clock. He was gesticulating, and apparently talking to someone else in the room whom they could not see.

"Alfred Wyatt, therefore, was quite right when he said that he would have no difficulty in proving his innocence. The man whom he was supposed to have murdered was, according to the testimony, alive at six o'clock; according to Mr. and Mrs. Ogden he was alive and sitting in his window until nine; again, he was heard to move about until ten o'clock by both the Pitts, and at half-past ten only was the light put out in his flat. Obviously, therefore, as his dead body was found twelve miles away, Wyatt, who was out of the Crescent at eight, and in Euston Road at eleven, could not have done the deed.

"He was discharged, of course; the magistrate adding a very severe remark on the subject of 'carelessly collected evidence.' As for Miss Amelia, she sailed out of the court like a queen after her coronation, for with Wyatt's discharge the case against her naturally collapsed. As for me, I walked out too, with an elated feeling at the thought that the intelligence of the British race had not yet sunk so low as our friends on the Continent would have us believe."

[*At this point you should try and puzzle out the mystery for yourselves.*—Ed.]

CHAPTER IV.

"But then, who murdered the old man?" I asked, for I confess the matter was puzzling me in an irritating kind of a way.

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"Ah! who indeed?" he rejoined sarcastically, while an artistic knot went to join its fellows along that never ending bit of string.

"I wish you'd tell me what's in your mind," I said, feeling peculiarly irritated with him just at that moment.

"What's in my mind?" he replied with a shrug of his thin shoulders. "Oh, only a certain degree of admiration!"

"Admiration at what?"

"At a pair of exceedingly clever criminals."

"Then you do think that Wyatt murdered Dyke?"

"I don't think—I am sure."

"But when did they do it?"

"Ah, that's more to the point. Personally, I should say between them on Wednesday morning, November 18th."

"The day they went for that motor car ride?" I gasped.

"And carried away the old man's remains beneath a multiplicity of rugs," he added.

"But he was *alive* long after that!" I urged. "The woman, Nicholson——"

"The woman Nicholson saw and spoke to a man in bed, whom she *supposed* was old Mr. Dyke. Among the many questions put to her by those clever detectives, no one thought, of course, of asking her to describe the old man. But even if she had done so, Wyatt was far too great an artist in crime not to have contrived a make-up which, described by a witness who had never before seen Dyke, would easily pass as a description of the old man himself."

"Impossible!" I said, struck in spite of myself by the simplicity of his logic.

"Impossible, you say?" he shrieked excitedly. "Why, I call that crime a masterpiece from beginning to end; a display of ingenuity which, fortunately, the criminal classes seldom possess, or where would society be? Here was a crime committed, where everything was most beautifully stage-managed, nothing left unforeseen. Shall I reconstruct it for you?"

"Do!" I said, handing across the table to him a brand new, beautiful bit of string, on which his talon-like fingers fastened as upon a prey.

"Very well," he said, marking each point with a scientific knot. "Here it is, scene by scene: There was Alfred Wyatt and Amelia Dyke—a pair of blackguards, eager to obtain that £4000 which only the old man's death could secure for them. They decide upon killing him, and: Scene 1, Miss Amelia makes *her* arrangements. She advertises for a charwoman, and engages one, who is to be a very useful witness presently.

"Scene 2.—The murder, brutal, horrible, on the person of an old cripple, whilst his own daughter stands by, and the dismembering of the body.

"Scene 3.—The ride in the motor car, after dark, remember, and with plenty of rugs, beneath which the gruesome burden is concealed. The scene is accompanied by the comedy of Miss Dyke speaking to her father, and waving her hand affectionately at him from below. I tell you, that woman must have had some nerve!

"Then, scene 4.—The arrival at Wembley, and the hiding of the remains.

"Scene 5.—Amelia goes to Edinburgh by the 5.15 a.m. train, and thus secures her own *alibi*. After that, the comedy begins in earnest. The impersonation of the dead man by Wyatt during the whole of that memorable Thursday. Mind you, that was not very difficult; it only needed the brain to invent, and the nerve to carry it through. The charwoman had never seen old Dyke before; she only knew that he was an invalid. What more natural than that she should accept as her new master the man who lay in bed all day, and only spoke a few words to her? A very slight make-up of hair and beard would complete the illusion.

"Then, at six o'clock, the woman gone, Wyatt steals out of the house, bespeaks the motor car, leaves it in the street in a convenient spot, and is back in time to be seen by Mrs. Marsh at seven.

"The rest is simplicity itself. The silhouette at the window was easy enough to arrange; the sound of a man walking on crutches is easily imitated with a couple of umbrellas—the actual crutches were no doubt burned directly after the murder. Lastly, the putting out of the light at half-past ten was the crowning stroke of genius.

"One little thing might have upset the whole wonderful plan, but that one thing only; and that was if the body had been found *before* the great comedy scene of Thursday had been fully played. But that spinney near Wembley was well-chosen. People don't go wandering under trees and in woods on cold November days, and the remains were not found until the Saturday.

"Ah, it was cleverly stage-managed, and no mistake. I couldn't have done it better myself. Won't you have another cup of tea? No? Don't look so upset. The world does not contain many such clever criminals as Alfred Wyatt and Amelia Dyke."

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Photo, *Walter Cox, Weymouth.*

The Happy Crowd on Weymouth Sands.

A Seasonable Article that Skips from One Seaside Resort to the Other, Alighting here and there to Show you some Delightful Spot or to let you Look at the Crowds of Visitors that Throng on Beach, Cliff, and Promenade.

By Lieut.-Colonel Newnham-Davis.

We, you and I, have the whole of a long, glorious summer day before us, from sunrise to midnight. We are not tied by distance, we can use all a magician's privileges, and we can and will transport ourselves where we like at any hour of the day or night. This being so, we will spend the most enjoyable day our minds can conceive at the seaside, skipping, if it pleases us, in a millionth of a second from John o' Groats to Land's End, from Flamborough Head to Cape Clear.

It is 6 a.m., and we are off for a morning bathe. Shall we take it at Brighton, where one drops from the bathing machine into the deep slate-coloured water at once? Shall we walk out waist-deep for half a mile at Worthing? Shall we run from a bathing box at Caister across a furlong of powdery sand to be buffeted by the grey North Sea?

I do not think that we will submit to be cabined, cribbed, confined at all. We will take our towels and, hey presto! we are on the Devonshire coast at a little bay I wot of not very far from Torquay. There is a half moon of yellow sand, and at the southern point a bold rock, brown and purple in colour, runs out into the sea. The water, as blue as amethyst, wells up against the stone, the swell gently lifting the seaweed which holds to it. It is a delight to look down into the quiet depths before one's first plunge, and to see dimly the flash of silver as the little fish turn their shining sides darting hither and thither.

Just back from a row and a blow on the sea.

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We have the bay and its sand and its long stretch of rock to ourselves, and we can swim out to sea secure from any treacherous current, and, our bathe over, run and leap on the sands in the sun to set our circulation going at express speed before we put on our clothes again and go off to see the fishing boats come in.

Look at the brown sails slanting to the wind as the broad-beamed boats steer straight for the beach.

Mark how the canvas comes bellying down, and leaves the craft with just enough way to carry it to where, waist deep, the brown-jacketted men stand to push her up the shingly slope. Mark how picturesque is the dress of the women folk who come down to welcome fathers and husbands and sons. Look into the boats and see the silver wealth of fish lying by the brown nets, and note how dexterously the "finny prey" are tossed out and sorted.

Two little visitors, that have not spent many Augusts at the sea, off for a gallop on the sands.

Could there be anything more beautiful than the colours on the fresh-caught mackerel, and what a delicate fish in its almost transparent beauty the whiting is? That ugly, big fellow is a hake. Do you see those crimson fish who seem to be all head and eyes? They are the red mullet—the woodcock of the seas.

Now the auction is going to commence, and the big man with a beard and a hammer, which he taps on a note book, will, if you nod sympathetically to him, knock you down a score of John Dorys, or you may find yourself with half a hundred slips which you have secured at a ridiculously low price, and will not in the least know what to do with.

The men with the barrows and the little traders who have their carts waiting up on the road above the beach are busy buying, but half of the boat owners have no dealing with

Photo, F. G. Calcott, Teddington.

In all England there is no place like Margate for nigger minstrels. A performance is now on, and the children—both young and old—are all gathered round, listening to Uncle Bones and his black-faced brothers.

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the auctioneer, for their fish goes straight to London.

Where shall we breakfast? It is 8 a.m., and we have the appetites of hunters. Remember that distance means nothing to us, and that if we like we can eat our sole, if we decide to eat a sole, in the quaint old fish market close under the cliff at Hastings, or we can chaffer with a Cornish fisherman for the grey mullet that form part of his catch, or can buy herrings just fresh from the sea at Scarborough or Yarmouth, or give a bare-legged Scotch laddie sixpence for a couple of trout he has just fished out of a burn in Perthshire.

Photo, F. G. Calcott, Teddington.

It takes but half-a-dozen Uncle Bones and his merry niggers to draw such a crowd as this.

Shall it be trout or herring? I think herring. And where shall we transport ourselves to eat it? I do not think that we can do better than breakfast on the Dublin Bay herrings, and what more charming view could we have than the sketch of the beautiful bay as we see it from Blackrock? The water deep blue out towards the horizon, and changing into emerald shot with purple in the shallower water; the wooded highlands of Howth and Kingstown running out into the placid sea as though it were a lake, and behind us the violet shadow of the Wicklow mountains.

We may regret that basketful of hot scones and cakes we should have been offered at Oban, where the bay is almost as beautiful as the one we are looking at now; we may sigh for the Devonshire cream which would have been given us at Torquay, where the sea in the bay is Mediterranean blue; but even people with our magical power cannot be in three places at once, and so we will e'en eat our fish in content within a mile or two of dear, darling, dirty Dublin and revel in fresh eggs and beautiful butter and cream so thick that it will hardly flow, all of which are to be found at their best in the Emerald Isle.

A half hour of quiet after breakfast for digestion's sake is necessary, and how should we spend it better than on some great beach, watching the sea roll the pebbles over as a broken wave comes up the slope and then drag them back with a soft, wet, caressing rattle and gurgle.

Photo, F. G. Calcott, Teddington.

At Ramsgate the visitors sometimes amuse themselves by having sand-digging competitions. Judges are appointed, and prizes are awarded to the cleverest wielders of the spade.

To throw pebbles into the sea is the very perfection of idle occupation. It is no exertion, it has no effect, but it

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"Whatever's the use of shoes and stockings?" these four little maids would like to know.

is very pleasing to the contemplative mind. There are half a hundred beaches where we can indulge in this pastime, and we may find a good agate or some other beautiful rough stone as we search round us for missiles of exactly the size and weight that it suits us to throw. If we have a dog with us and can send him in to fetch out a bit of drift wood, that adds immensely to the enjoyment of it all

Or shall we spend our half hour on the grass by a coastguard signal station on one of the great headlands —the Lizard or Portland, Beachy Head or Dungeness—and watch the great ships homeward bound come in to "make their numbers" and so signal their arrival?

One must know the flags of the different lines, the P. and O.'s four wedges of colour, the British India's cross, the White Star and the Red Star, and the different colours of the funnels and the stripes on them which distinguish the big liners even more clearly than their flags, to enjoy this to the uttermost and to be able to say, *that* steamer with the blue funnel has come from China and Singapore, *that* one with the ivory hull is homeward bound from the Cape, that with the white line on her hull is outward bound to India, she with the red funnels has breasted many a storm on the Atlantic.

Now for our walk. Shall we be in Poppyland and stroll along the cliffs at Cromer with the earth a blaze of colour and the sea a shield of silver below us flashing back the glare of the sun? Or shall we climb the slopes of moorland behind Scarborough, and look landward over purple rolling distances towards York Minster, and drink in the ozone of the sea air mingled with the life-giving breath of the moor? Or shall we take to the mountains at Barmouth, and enjoy the beauties of the panorama walk? Or shall we stride along the pine-shaded roads of Bournemouth, and fancy that we are in Italy or at Biarritz? Or go up and down the mossy fern-bordered

Photo, F. G. Calcott, Teddington.

Every seaside goer knows the ventriloquist and his three funny dolls.

Photo, Reinhold Thiele.

A strange animal of the seaside that "gyres and gambols" to the delight of visitors, who do their best to satisfy its remarkable craving for pennies.

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Devonshire lands, or over the rattling shingle of Portland Bill?

Shall we look down on the sea from the steep slopes of Exmoor, or shall we visit the old-world towns of the southern fen land—Rye and Winchelsea, old ports, two of the valiant five that always had ships at the service of our earlier kings, now land-locked, quaint, dreamy survivals of Plantagenet and Tudor and Stuart days?

Photo, *F. G. Calcott, Teddington.*

A glimpse of the sea-front at Southend in August, showing only a few of the thousands that swarm there from the Metropolis.

Wherever we are, wherever we go, we will stretch our legs and fill our lungs with good sea air before the sun is at its highest.

When sleepy noon comes we want some less exhausting occupation. If you so will, we can sit at a pier head and watch the pretty girls pass in twos and threes holding their hats with one hand, their skirts all a flutter, laughing as they go, or we can explore some of the curious parts of old towns; but best of all, perhaps, at mid-day is an hour's sea-fishing.

There are bays in Cornwall where the bass give splendid sport to a man with rod and line, or we can let down from a little boat, which noses playfully at the wavelets as the old boatman keeps her head up, a long line garnished with many hooks, and when the tremble and twitch of the cord in one's hand tells that a fish is on, we will draw it up again and again with not only one, but two or three prizes. Or if you are not a good sailor we can fish from the pierhead.

Half our day of enjoyment is over, for we have come to the hour of our mid-day meal. We will picnic, of course. No sane man will willingly be grilled in a house when he can be out in the open under the shade of a ruined keep, or of great trees, or a high cliff. Shall our feast be at Alum Bay in the Isle of Wight, where the sandy cliffs carry all the colours of the rainbow, or in one of the dells that they call "wykes" in the north and "chines" in the

Photo, *F. G. Calcott, Teddington.*

There are few things more delightful than to spend a hot afternoon wandering about the pier, or listening to the band.

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Photo, Payne Jennings.

The Londoner will recognise this view of the sea-front at Yarmouth as one of the places at which he delights most to spend his holidays.

south, or under the shade of the walls of Hurstmonceaux, or some other old ruined castle, or in the shade of the trees of a Dorset cove?

Our repast, of course, shall be simple. A lobster, such as they catch at Swanage, fresh from the boiling pot, is food fit for an emperor, and a crisp lettuce, pulled, not cut in pieces, makes the best salad in the world. A wing of a good fat pullet, and a slice of tongue, some cheese, and Devonshire or Hereford cider cooled in a running stream, bread and butter—there we have a feast that would have satisfied even Heliogabulus.

What do you say to a sail in the early part of the afternoon? If we have our own little boat, and are thus independent of the rest of the world, so much the better. We will hoist our sail and tack up against the wind, and run down before it. We will bear out towards the great vessels ploughing steadily through the deep water and exchange a greeting with them at close quarters, and sail round any yachts that may be at anchor. There is a delight in hearing the sound of the water running with a gurgle along the sides of the boat, and as the little craft ducks and curtsies, and now and again playfully sends a shower of spray over us, she seems like a live thing in our hands.

If we have no sailing craft of our own, it is only a matter of saying, "Hey, presto, pass!" as the conjurers do, and we shall be on the beach at Brighton, where there are trim craft at the service of all comers; or at Southend, where a trumpeter calls attention to the beauties of the sailing boats; or at Hastings, where there are two finely built boats always ready to go to sea on the beach near the Queen's Hotel. But, for my part, I like to do my sailing myself, and I do not think that a sea-sick stranger as a neighbour in a boat is a pleasant companion.

We shall have time for a scramble over the rocks before we must make up our minds to look our best and encounter beauty and fashion on some parade after afternoon tea. Perhaps of all seaside joys the most delicious are the discoveries one makes in a hunt amongst the rocks left uncovered by the sea at low tide.

There are shells of brighter colours than one can see elsewhere to be found on the little beds of sand, and in the pools are to be discovered little fish which scurry from one shelter of seaweed to another, and small brown and green crabs, which go sideways at racehorse speed, and shrimps which are semi-transparent. There are to be seen the

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sea-anemones, and all the other beautiful growths of the ocean garden, and star-fish and strange cast-away monsters in miniature, which, if they are of the octopus kind, it is wise to give a wide berth to, lest they sting you.

Before we drink our tea we must watch the babies paddle. There are half a hundred stretches of sand where we shall find the infant army taking to the water, the little girls with their skirts tucked away in a comprehensive divided garment which makes them look like fat little Dutchmen, the little boys with their knickerbockers rolled up well over highwater mark. They wear straw hats and Tam-o'-Shanters and red caps do these mites, and some of them carry spades and pails, and they all laugh and chatter and give little skips as the wavelets come up to them, and the mothers and nurses stand on the brink and give directions, and the fathers sit in chairs and smoke pipes and cigars.

We can see this parade of mighty atoms at Margate, or at Ramsgate, or at Cowes, or on the long, grey shore at Blackpool, or at Southend, where the babies try not to notice that most of the sand is mud.

Our evening meal—whether it be dinner or supper—over, we come, tired by the sea air and exercise and healthy excitement, to the last delight of the day. The sun is setting in a glory of light clouds in the west, and all round the coast the pavilions at the pier heads have begun to shine with light like crystal caskets, the dark trembling water catching the reflections.

The excursion steamers which have been away all day come sliding back over the calm sea, their port and starboard lights shining like two great eyes, green and red.

Our choice of amusement now is infinite. On the terrace of the Spa at Scarborough, high above the sands a crowd of promenaders move from one pavilion to the other, and the concert-room and theatre are crowded; at Yarmouth, the open-air concerts and the dancing rooms and the big theatre all have their full patrons; at Southend, the new Kursaal, with its score of attractions, is buzzing like a hive with pleasure seekers; at Margate, the Hall by the Sea has it hundreds of dancers revolving on the polished floor, and outside in the gardens are the shooting galleries and the menagerie, with its lions and tigers, and bears; at Aristocratic Brighton, half-a-dozen theatres and music-halls and pavilions offer a choice of amusement; at Southsea, there is a concert in the great hall on the pier; and at Blackpool, the most wonderful of all British towns on the sea, in a square three-quarters of a mile are three veritable Towers of Babel, each with story upon story of ball-rooms, and theatres, and concert-halls.

To see one of these vast dancing-rooms crowded with lads and lasses from the great northern towns all dancing admirably is one of the wonders of the world.

Hark! The clock is striking midnight, and, as we must be up early to-morrow again, we will have one last look at the sea under a full moon, and then to bed.

Good-night!

A view of the mixed bathers on the sands at Atlantic City, U.S.A.

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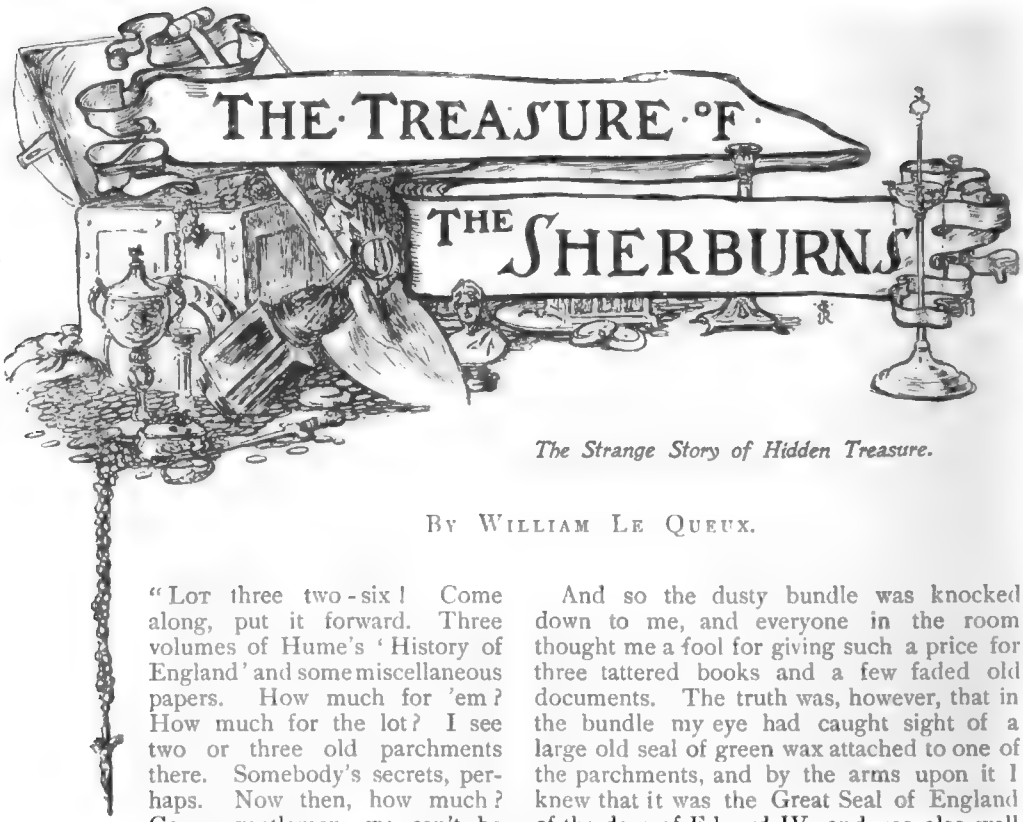

The Strange Story of Hidden Treasure.

By William Le Queux.

"Lot three two-six! Come along, put it forward. Three volumes of Hume's 'History of England' and some miscellaneous papers. How much for 'em? How much for the lot? I see two or three old parchments there. Somebody's secrets, perhaps. Now then, how much? Come, gentlemen, we can't be here all night!"

And the country auctioneer, a man of quick wit, pimply face and prosperous appearance, more used to the sale of fat stock than the dispersal of a gentleman's library, flourished his mallet and glanced around him.

"Shillin'—eh? Worth that for waste-paper! Well, one shillin's bid," and the crowd of dealers and the public assembled in the dining-room of Stanbourne Hall, in Worcestershire, sighed, impatient to get on to the next lot.

"Ten shillings," exclaimed a thin, hungry faced man, with reddish side-whiskers and shabby coat.

"Wants to refresh his memory about his kings and queens," remarked the fat village innkeeper standing beside me. But, seeing competition, I was at once on the alert.

"Fifteen," I said quietly.

But the man with the red whiskers carried on the bidding up to three pounds. Then I bid five shillings more.

"Very well, sir," he said, turning to me with a grim and uncanny smile. "You may have them."

And so the dusty bundle was knocked down to me, and everyone in the room thought me a fool for giving such a price for three tattered books and a few faded old documents. The truth was, however, that in the bundle my eye had caught sight of a large old seal of green wax attached to one of the parchments, and by the arms upon it I knew that it was the Great Seal of England of the days of Edward IV., and was also well aware that any document bearing that must be worth more than the sum I paid.

I had been visiting an old aunt in the neighbourhood, and had looked in at the sale of the dead squire's effects out of sheer curiosity, and as a means of passing an hour while waiting for the train to take me home to Tansor, near Fotheringhay, in Northamptonshire.

Had I not taken a bad chill and been confined to the house, I daresay the documents might have remained undeciphered until now. But, as it happened, I grew very bored one afternoon a fortnight after their purchase, and taking out those I had not read, sat down with my magnifying glass to decipher what was contained in them.

The first and second were decidedly disappointing, being merely family papers, but as I glanced at the third, very ill-written and almost illegible, my curiosity became aroused.

Carefully, and not without a great deal of difficulty, I made a transcript of the whole of the long half-faded screed. The parchment was yellow and badly injured by damp. Nevertheless, by aid of my glass I succeeded

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in deciphering the whole, which, to say the least, proved sufficiently exciting reading.

In brief, it was nothing less than the record of a treasure concealed by the writer, whose name was Geoffrey Sherburn, in the turbulent days of the Civil War, when King Charles, having raised the royal standard at Nottingham four years before, had been routed at Naseby, and the Roundheads were hunting the Cavaliers throughout the country.

Sir Geoffrey Sherburn was, according to this record penned by his own hand, one of the ill-fated King's personal friends, and with him had plotted and counter-plotted with the Catholics, Presbyterians, and Sectaries, with the Scots and Irish, with the Parliament and the Army, and fought hard beside his sovereign until the culmination had been the rout on Naseby Field and the utter annihilation of the royal cause.

The curious record stated that on the day when they fled from the field of Naseby he spurred over the hills, being anxious to return home to Morcott and to secrete the great treasure that his late father, Sir Henry Sherburn, had brought from Spain and bequeathed to him.

A party of Roundheads were at his heels, and pressed him hard. But he managed to get home, and his wife, Lady Sherburn, thinking he had fallen at Naseby, and mourning for him as dead, fainted on his re-appearance. He told her to continue in her mourning while, aided by his son George, then aged nineteen, he at once set about secreting the treasure, as he knew that he and his wife must escape abroad, a price being now set upon his head. The King's cause was lost; therefore, he had now to save himself and his possessions.

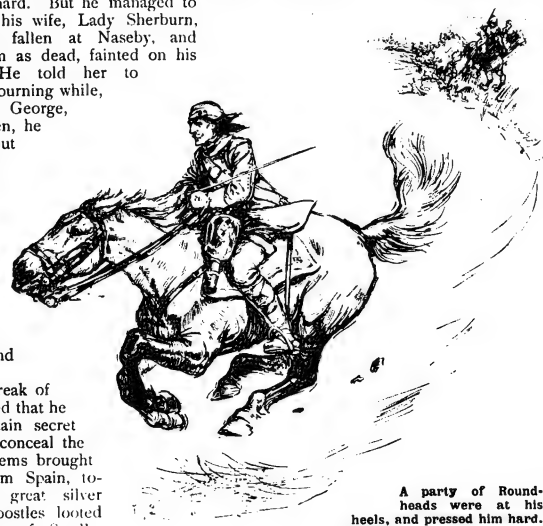
Before the outbreak of the war, it appeared that he had devised certain secret places wherein to conceal the gold, silver, and gems brought by his father from Spain, together with the great silver statues of the Apostles looted during the sack of Seville. Indeed, some portion of the treasure had already been concealed before the Civil War, yet there still remained much to do.

Therefore, his return being known only to his wife and son, he lay concealed in the hiding-place in the garret corridor entered by a shallow wall-cupboard on the right of the window. "So small is the cupboard," he wrote, "that a retriever dog could not be closed therein, and it has always escaped the notice of any searchers." By day he remained within, being fed secretly by her ladyship, while at night, assisted by George, he worked hard to conceal his secret wealth.

The dusty record stated that, having hidden all the treasure, he had inclosed the written directions for its recovery within the casket of silver which King James gave unto his father. Only his son George knew its place of concealment, in order that when he returned from France, if God permitted, he might restore the fortunes of their honourable house.

The document was signed "Geoffrey Sherburn," and below was an attestation in old English in another hand, which read:

"I, George Sherburn, son of the said Geoffrey Sherburn, of Morcott Court, do hereby testify that I



A party of Roundheads were at his heels, and pressed him hard. But he managed to get home.

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have assisted my father to conceal certain things, and that I have sworn not to divulge their hiding-place to any person, nor the place where the silver casket containing the directions lies concealed."

That was all. But it was surely a sufficiently exciting document, even though cast aside among the rubbish of a country auction.

As I turned over the crinkled old parchment, ragged at one edge where rats had gnawed it, I wondered what adventurous history it had had during the two hundred and fifty years since it was penned by the hand of King Charles' companion in misfortune.

Had it been taken to France, or had it been left in England in the hands of some trustworthy person and had never been reclaimed by either father or son? The fact of it being written in such a crabbed and difficult hand accounted, of course, for the reason that it had not been deciphered before. Yet it seemed remarkable that the story of a treasure—and a very valuable one it seemed—should so long escape notice.

Determined to investigate, and, if possible, to discover if the treasure still remained concealed, I took down a gazetteer, and found that the village of Morcott was in the county of Rutland, about six miles from Oakham.

That the treasure secured from the Spaniards by Sir Henry Sherburn—whom I afterwards found had been a noted diplomat and colleague of Wooton under James I.—was concealed in the vicinity of the village seemed certain, but whether the silver casket containing the written directions for its recovery had been left there, or deposited at some spot far distant, was certainly an open question.

That night, as I sat alone smoking, I carefully thought it all out and searched all the reference-books I possessed. I discovered in Aiken's "Memories of the Court of James I."—a rare and out-of-date work—many mentions of Sir Henry Sherburn, of Morcott, and his gallant friend the Earl of Southampton, both of whom, it was stated, secured a great quantity of gold, jewels and silver ornaments during the campaign in Spain.

I passed a week in London, mostly at the new Record Office and in the reading-room at the British Museum, and having collected all the facts available regarding the writer of that faded statement, I invited the co-operation of my friend, Percy Neville, a young solicitor who possessed considerable antiquarian knowledge.

When he called upon me at the boarding-house in Powis Square, Bayswater, which it was my habit to make my headquarters when in London, he sat on the edge of my bed smoking a cigarette while I read to him the translation of the document which had so fortunately fallen into my hands.

A slim, active, athletic fellow of about twenty-eight, he was quick-eyed, quick-witted, and already a sound lawyer, much esteemed by the eminent firm in Queen Victoria Street, with whom, two years before, he had entered into partnership.

"Well, Irons," he exclaimed, when he had heard me to the end, "the affair arouses one's curiosity, to say the least. I'm quite ready to assist you, and certainly think that we ought to lose no time in going down to Morcott and looking round."

About one o'clock on the following day we alighted at the little station of Harringworth. It was blazing hot as, leaving our traps, we walked beneath the high railway viaduct and across the hills about two miles, until we came to the quiet, old-world village, a quaint, peaceful place wherein hardly a dog was astir.

Most of the cottages in the straggling street were thatched, and many of them half covered by climbing roses and jasmine, while the two principal features of the place were the smithy and the inn. At the latter, over a glass of ale, we learnt that Morcott Court stood back in its own grounds about half a mile on the road towards Barrowden.

"Let's see. Who lives there now?" I inquired of the stout old innkeeper.

"Major Fielding has had it this past five years as a huntin' box. But I 'ear as how his lease is up, and he ain't goin' to renew it. An' I don't wonder. It's a damp, dilapidated old place, and wants a lot o' money spendin' on it to put it right. And I'm sure Lord Casterton can't afford to do it—for 'e's poor enow."

With this information we went forward, and soon entered the lodge gates of the ancient seat of the now extinct Sherburns.

As the woman in charge conducted us from room to room of the old mansion, we having represented ourselves as probable tenants, we saw that it had evidently been built at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and by the Sherburns, for their arms, a boar's head erect, erased sable, were everywhere graven upon the stonework. The walls of the great hall were hung with ancient armour, buff coats, massive helmets, cross-bows, old-fashioned fire-arms, and other war-like weapons, together with some enormous elk-horns. A

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large oak table reaching nearly from one end of the room to the other might have feasted the whole neighbourhood, and an appendage at one end of it made it answer at other times for the old game of shuffle-board.

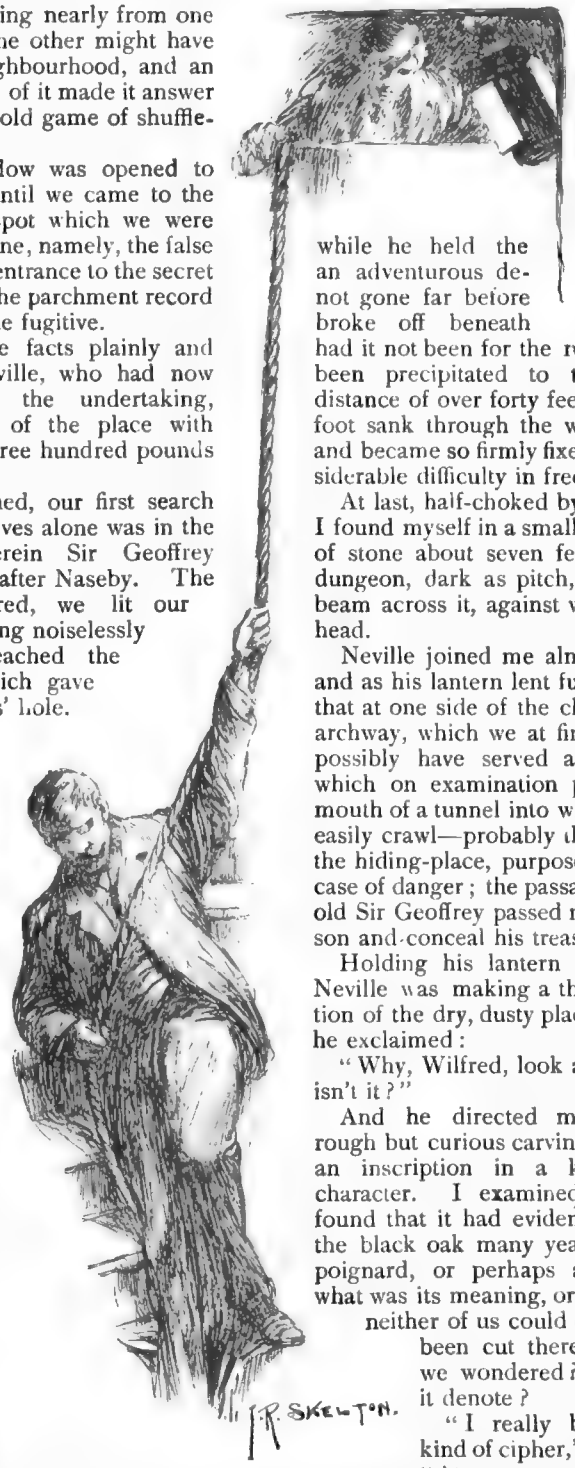
Window after window was opened to admit light and air, until we came to the garret corridor, the spot which we were both anxious to examine, namely, the false cupboard which gave entrance to the secret hiding-place wherein the parchment record had been written by the fugitive.

Well, to relate the facts plainly and straightforwardly, Neville, who had now grown absorbed in the undertaking, became joint tenant of the place with myself at a rental of three hundred pounds per year.

As may be imagined, our first search when we found ourselves alone was in the secret chamber wherein Sir Geoffrey Sherburn had hidden after Naseby. The servants having retired, we lit our lanterns, and, ascending noiselessly to the corridor, reached the shallow cupboard which gave entrance to the priests' hole.

After some difficulty, I found a hidden wooden bolt, and releasing it pushed back the cupboard, showing a dark, deep chasm beyond. The cupboard was as high as my shoulder, and in order to obtain entrance we were compelled to obtain a chair, and on mounting it I bent forward with the lantern and found that the hole was well-shaped, and a flight of very worm-eaten wooden steps led sheer down in the thickness of the wall.

"Best to get a rope," my friend suggested. "Those worm-eaten steps won't hold us." And disappearing, he came back with a stout, new rope, part of the equipment with which we had provided ourselves.



I took the end, and, while he held the lantern, I made an adventurous descent.

Fixing it firmly to a heavy piece of furniture in the corridor, I took the end, and, while he held the lantern, I made an adventurous descent. I had not gone far before one of the steps broke off beneath my weight, and, had it not been for the rope, I must have been precipitated to the basement, a distance of over forty feet. As it was, my foot sank through the worm-rotted wood and became so firmly fixed that I had considerable difficulty in freeing myself.

At last, half-choked by the dust of ages, I found myself in a small, oblong chamber of stone about seven feet by four, like a dungeon, dark as pitch, and with a heavy beam across it, against which I struck my head.

Neville joined me almost immediately, and as his lantern lent further light, I saw that at one side of the chamber was a low archway, which we at first thought might possibly have served as a fireplace, but which on examination proved to be the mouth of a tunnel into which a man might easily crawl—probably the secret exit from the hiding-place, purposely constructed in case of danger; the passage through which old Sir Geoffrey passed nightly to meet his son and conceal his treasures.

Holding his lantern high above him, Neville was making a thorough examination of the dry, dusty place, when suddenly he exclaimed:

"Why, Wilfred, look at this! Curious, isn't it?"

And he directed my attention to a rough but curious carving upon the beam, an inscription in a kind of Hebrew character. I examined it closely, and found that it had evidently been cut into the black oak many years ago by a sharp poignard, or perhaps a pen-knife; but what was its meaning, or in what language, neither of us could decipher. Had it been cut there by Sir Geoffrey, we wondered? If so, what did it denote?

"I really believe it's some kind of cipher," declared Neville. "At any rate, we'll copy it." And taking several pieces of

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paper from his pocket he placed them over the beam, and with a pencil deftly took a rubbing of the quaint inscription, which, when pieced together, looked like this:

The carving was curious enough, nevertheless the document concerning the treasure was in our possession, and we both intended to prosecute our search at all hazards.

"Now we are down here we may as well explore further," I suggested. "The silver casket may be hidden somewhere in the vicinity for aught we know. Come, let's see where this tunnel leads to!"

And, going down on my hands and knees, I crept into the low, arched passage, being followed closely by my companion.

We had crawled a considerable distance, when of a sudden we found ourselves in the open air in a clump of bushes close to the ivy-grown wall of a ruined building in the park, near the high road. Surely it was a well-devised exit, and had, without doubt, originally ended in some secret panel in the small house or cottage that had in the old days stood there—the house, probably, of one of the faithful and trusted retainers of the Sherburns.

Presently we returned to the house by the way we came, making a careful and minute examination of the cavalier's gloomy place of concealment, but finding nothing beyond an old "black jack," a rusty spur, and a gauntlet, relics of the man upon whose head a price had been set.

Next day, Neville made a careful copy of the carving, and sent the design to a friend in London, a schoolmaster who took great delight in working out cryptograms. Then, in secret, we searched the house from top to bottom. We made methodical examination of the library that had remained so many years undisturbed, but discovered nothing, and towards evening took a walk through the village up the hill in the direction of Glaston.

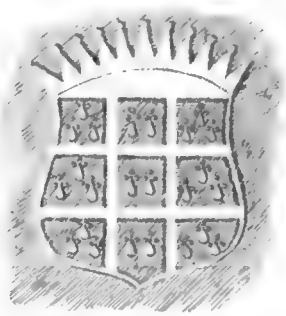
My own fixed idea was that Sir Geoffrey Sherburn, having concealed his treasure prior to flying from England, had undoubtedly hidden the silver casket containing the directions somewhere upon his own demesne.

A whole fortnight passed. It was now September. We had submitted the sketch of the curious carved angles on the beam to half-a-dozen experts, but all had returned it, saying that it could not be an inscription, but merely a piece of erratic carving.

One sultry afternoon, however, as I sat with my friend Neville in the dusty old library after luncheon, I noticed, for the first time, that the arms carved in stone high over the old-fashioned open hearth did not display the boar's head of the Sherburns, but a large ermine shield surmounted by a curious, foreign-looking coronet, as in the sketch.

Neville knew more of heraldry than I did; therefore, when I pointed it out to him, he rose and stood before it a long time, saying:

"Why, that isn't anyone's coat of arms. It is heraldically wrong—a decorator's joke, most likely."



I noticed . . . a large ermine shield surmounted by a curious, foreign-looking coronet.

"The device is curious," I remarked, "and the coronet shows it to be foreign."

Of a sudden, in the strange-looking squares upon the shield I recognised a quantity of angles. The carved design upon the beam was all in angles. Could it be possible that the heraldic design disguised some key?

I explained my theory to my companion, and on counting the ermine tufts we found there were twenty-four, which might mean one for each letter save J and V, the two least in use in our alphabet.

My theory was quickly taken up by Neville, who producing his copy of the carving, at once set to work to prove whether, on the stone shield, the key was given. The puzzle was both complicated and exciting, and for two full hours we both studied it to no avail, until at last, with a cry of delight, I found that three letters were contained in each of the outer angles and two each in the inner; therefore I took the top left-hand division and copied the angle three times, placing one tick in it for A, two for B, and three for C.

Then, when I had done this, Neville, in eagerness, continued to decipher until we had made up the symbols of the alphabet. Our symbols were the same as those carved upon the beam, and, breathless in expectation, we felt that we were on the verge of a discovery.

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The central squares gave us considerable trouble as to which way we should read them, but after an hour of hard study and close attention, we discovered that the closely-disguised inscription read as follows:—

SEARCH SYX PAYCES WE
ᚻᚹᚱᚻᚹᚳᚳ ᚻᚠᚠ ᚱᚩᚠᚳᚱᚹᚻ ᚠᚢᚳ
ST OF THE NYNGES OAK
ᚻᚠ ᚱᚳ ᚳᚳᚹ ᚩᚠᚱᚳᚹᚻ ᚱᚩᚳ

As you may well imagine, this remarkable revelation caused our hearts to leap, and with impatience we waited until the dusk gathered, when in secret we went to the King's Oak, a huge gnarled tree which tradition said had been planted by King James, and which stood about half-a-mile down the avenue towards Morcott village.

Then, taking six paces in the direction of the sun's afterglow, we set to work to dig, and there, sure enough, at a depth of some two feet or so, my spade struck the silver casket. With eager hands we drew forth from it a small, mildewed parchment, and in the falling twilight I saw that upon it was written, in Sir Geoffrey's crabbed hand, directions for the recovery of the Sherburn treasure.

In old English it designated ten distinct spots where the treasure had been concealed.

Our excitement may well be imagined. We hastily covered in the hole we had made, and returned to the house with the precious key in our possession, having first hidden the fine old casket of repoussé silver, fearing to take it back with us.

After a brief consultation, we agreed that to attempt to recover the treasure alone and unaided was impossible; therefore, while I remained on guard, Neville that night took the last train to London, and next morning brought down Jack Newman, a civil engineer and brother of his *fiancée*, with a trusted assistant, both of whom took up their quarters at the Cross Keys at Oakham, in order to avoid arousing local suspicion.

Two days were occupied in making the necessary arrangements for the excavations, and for the cart from Oakham in which the treasure, after being packed in empty travelling-trunks and second-hand portmanteaus, was to be conveyed to Kettering station, and thence by rail to London.

On the third night after the recovery of the casket, having previously inspected the ten different spots indicated, we set to work to search the first, situated in a deep hollow

I drew my revolver, and, taking aim at the horse's head, fired.

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near a farm called Elm's Lodge. At three feet from the surface we came across a strong, heavy, iron-bound box, and very soon transferred it to the cart in waiting on the Luffenham Road.

That night we dug out, in all, seven different boxes, as well as a quantity of old English tankards, candlesticks, forks, spoons, and other plate, clearing five of the hiding-places of their contents, and safely transferring all the treasure to the modern boxes and bags, which we had previously hidden in readiness in a deserted outhouse near the windmill on the Barrowden Road, Jack Newman afterwards travelling with them from Kettering to St. Pancras

On the following night we dug out two boxes of magnificent jewels and wonderful gold ornaments and the silver statues of the Apostles—the spoils from the sack of the ancient churches of Seville—from the bank of gravel indicated in the key, and had just transferred them to the cart, when, of a sudden, the figures of two men, who had evidently been watching us, slipped from beneath the shadow of the hedgerow, sprang into our cart, and drove rapidly off.

I chanced to be a little distance away, against the bridge that crossed the brook, and, being alarmed by Neville's shouts, turned just in time to see the neat way in which we had been tricked.

In an instant, I recognised the situation. I drew my revolver and, taking aim at the horse's head, fired, with the result that it plunged forward dead, the two thieves being flung out head-foremost into the roadway.

Both were severely bruised, but we instantly captured and secured them with a rope, finding that one was no other than the fellow with the red whiskers who had bid against me for the manuscript down in Worcestershire.

I need not describe the chagrin of the pair at such rough treatment, nor how we lashed them up to trees at a lonely spot in the wood while we continued our search in the remaining three spots in the vicinity, succeeding, after all, in securing the whole of the hidden treasure, just as it was enumerated upon the parchment key.

Later, we took our own hired cob from the stable, and after the treasure had been opened and repacked, Jack drove the boxes over to Gretton Station, whence he took the early morning train to town.

At dawn, when our companion was safely in the up-express, we went to the red-whiskered man and his companion, who were named Blaydes and Horton respectively. Before releasing them, we signed an agreement to pay them each the sum of one thousand pounds for their secrecy regarding the affair.

Blaydes, after having admitted that he had seen and copied the manuscript the day of the private view prior to the sale at Stanbourne Hall, agreed with his companion to accept our bribe rather than risk losing it by giving information to the lord of the manor, or to the Treasury.

Therefore, we untied their knots, and they returned with us to Morcott Court, where, over a bottle of wine, we sealed our compact.

The major part of the Sherburn treasure was sold last season at Christie's and other London auction-rooms, while some of the antique gems we sent over to Amsterdam, where they realised better prices than they would have done in London.

A quantity of the treasure still remains in my possession, and is in the glass cases of my old-fashioned room at Tansor as I write. Yet, up to the present, I have received the respectable sum of nine thousand pounds as my share of the proceeds—a sum that has raised me from a poor man into a position of comparative affluence.

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THE *Consuelo* brigantine, her two masts crowded with their utmost canvas, bent her course to San Francisco.

Not many days had passed since she left the island of Hawaii. It was sunset. The crew, lolling lazily on deck, sang songs and idly watched the sky deepen into a broader orange. Around, the waves splashed gently against the prow, and the air was warm. Such an evening as can only be found in the far Pacific.

Suddenly, amidst the sound of music and song, a sharp clear cry broke in: "Boat ahoy!"

Instantly all was commotion. Concertina, fiddle and banjo were hastily flung aside. They all sprang to their feet and rushed to the bulwarks, eagerly scanning the sea to catch a glimpse of the vessel.

For a time nothing met their eyes. And then, far out, they could faintly discern what looked like a small boat.

Meanwhile, word had been sent below. The captain hastily ascended to the deck. For an instant he gazed through his telescope at the object. Then he uttered a quick word of command. Slowly, the brigantine veered from her course and pointed her head towards the small black speck on the horizon.

Down in the galley the cook was ordered to boil soups and to prepare special foods for the famished castaways. On deck the excitement grew apace.

With every stitch of canvas unfurled, the brigantine drew nearer.

A cheer broke from the lips of the sailors as seven figures were outlined in the little boat. The men were

alive. They could see six of them toiling wearily at the oars. Now they had sighted the *Consuelo*. Another figure stood up at the stern and waved both arms beseechingly towards them.

Again the rescuers sent a ringing cheer across the waters.

Below, the steaming soup stood ready, cooling in seven mugs. Seven famished men, scorched and blistered, from the fierce Pacific sun, would soon be pouring the grateful liquid down their parched throats. Seven hammocks had been slung aft in the coolest place for their reception.

Everything was prepared. Another command! Promptly the men sprang to the davits. Blocks were greased, and ropes cast free, ready to let the ship's long boat drop into the sea without a hitch.

Click! A sharp snap, a short laugh, the captain had closed his telescope and turned on his heels. A quick word to the man at the helm, and the *Consuelo* bent once more upon her course.

Then a loud roar of laughter rang through the ship.

Where was the little boat? Where were the six shipwrecked sailors toiling wearily at the oars, and the seventh beseechingly waving his arms for succour?

Transformed! Vanished!

The first into a thirty foot log of redwood, and the second into seven penguins. Their black bodies and white waistcoats had given them a human appearance, whilst the peculiar habit these birds have of flapping their wings had deceived the sailors into imagining they were men rowing a small boat.

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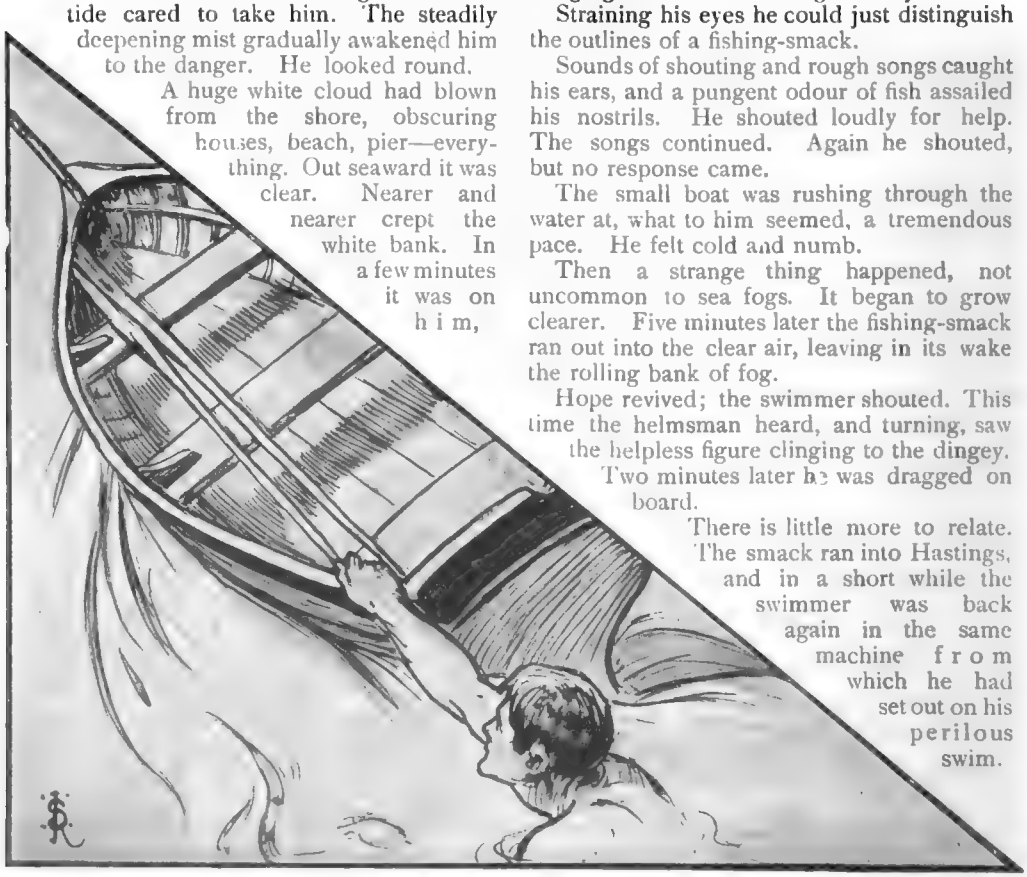
A Swim in a Fog.

ON a hot, hazy August morning, a visitor to Hastings strolled down to the shore to bathe.

Having hired a bathing-machine, he soon plunged into the sea. The water was warm, with a gentle roll that made it pleasant to swim in.

For a quarter of an hour he forged steadily out to sea until the bobbing bathers, clinging for dear life to the machine ropes, looked like red and blue specks in the water. Still with powerful strokes he swam, until even the pier-head lay some distance in his wake.

Then, feeling tired, he turned upon his back and floated. While thus resting he noticed that the haze which had hung over the sea all the morning had thickened. But he scarcely gave a second thought to this discovery. He was a powerful swimmer. The shore lay but three-quarters of a mile behind. Besides the wind had freshened and would soon disperse the haze. So lazily he continued to float, drifting whither the tide cared to take him. The steadily deepening mist gradually awakened him to the danger. He looked round. A huge white cloud had blown from the shore, obscuring houses, beach, pier—everything. Out seaward it was clear. Nearer and nearer crept the white bank. In a few minutes it was on him, enveloping everything in its snow-white pall.



But where was land? Was it to right or was it to left of him? Did it lie in front, or was he even now swimming to the open sea?

Time went on; still he swam. It seemed an age since he had first set out from the shore.

Once he paused, and for a space trod water, listening the while for any sound that might guide him in his blindness. But nothing save the shrill whistle of an excursion steamer, groping its way through the fog caught his ears.

A feeling akin to desperation now came over him. He struck out wildly and wondered vaguely whether he were nearing the coast of France.

But what was that? A shadowy object, with a tall mast, was skimming by. It passed. He could see a small dingey trailing behind the larger boat. One stroke brought him alongside it. He clutched the gunwale, clinging to it with drowning tenacity.

Straining his eyes he could just distinguish the outlines of a fishing-smack.

Sounds of shouting and rough songs caught his ears, and a pungent odour of fish assailed his nostrils. He shouted loudly for help. The songs continued. Again he shouted, but no response came.

The small boat was rushing through the water at, what to him seemed, a tremendous pace. He felt cold and numb.

Then a strange thing happened, not uncommon to sea fogs. It began to grow clearer. Five minutes later the fishing-smack ran out into the clear air, leaving in its wake the rolling bank of fog.

Hope revived; the swimmer shouted. This time the helmsman heard, and turning, saw the helpless figure clinging to the dingey. Two minutes later he was dragged on board.

There is little more to relate. The smack ran into Hastings, and in a short while the swimmer was back again in the same machine from which he had set out on his perilous swim.

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The Imprisoned Bride.

THIS happened six years ago, far away right down in Buenos Ayres. Beatrice S—— was young, and she was pretty, and she had come out all the way from England to Buenos Ayres to be married. Harry P—— was waiting for his bride, whom he had left some months before to go out and make ready everything for her reception.

Well, at last the steamer arrived, and the following Thursday was fixed for the wedding.

Such a commotion there was that day at the house where the bride was staying—gloves gone astray; and, oh, yes! jolly old Uncle J—— couldn't for the life of him think where he had put those small satin slippers that had a long silk ribbon attached to each heel for some strange purpose.

And then there was the bride, with a couple of dainty white-silked bridesmaids flying hither and thither, looking for gloves.

And outside the wedding-bells were ringing merrily, and the sky was blue, and the air was balmy, and everything was just as it should be on such an auspicious day.

At last it was time to start. The carriages were all waiting outside—horses with white rosettes, whips with white bows, coachmen with white gloves and white buttonholes, and four little white-silked bridesmaids sitting demurely in a carriage, each holding a bouquet of white flowers.

But one carriage remained empty. And as that was for the most important personage of the occasion, everyone had to sit patiently and wait.

At last, just when one of the bridesmaids had told off a servant to see if, perchance, the bride had fallen asleep, something happened. A window was thrown open and the bride stood looking out, flushed and troubled, and seemingly very perplexed.

"I—I can't unlock the door," she called out. "I have been trying ever so long, but it won't come unfastened."

Of course, everyone laughed, which, to say the least of it, was most unsympathetic. And there the poor little bride waited whilst her bridesmaids, who had promptly deserted their carriage, stood laughing and pelting her with flowers.

Meanwhile, a vigorous assault had been made upon the door. But, in spite of all efforts, it would not budge an inch.

At length someone called for a ladder. But, of course, as it always happens on such occasions, no ladder was to be found.

There was no time to be lost. No time to fetch a carpenter. What was to be done?

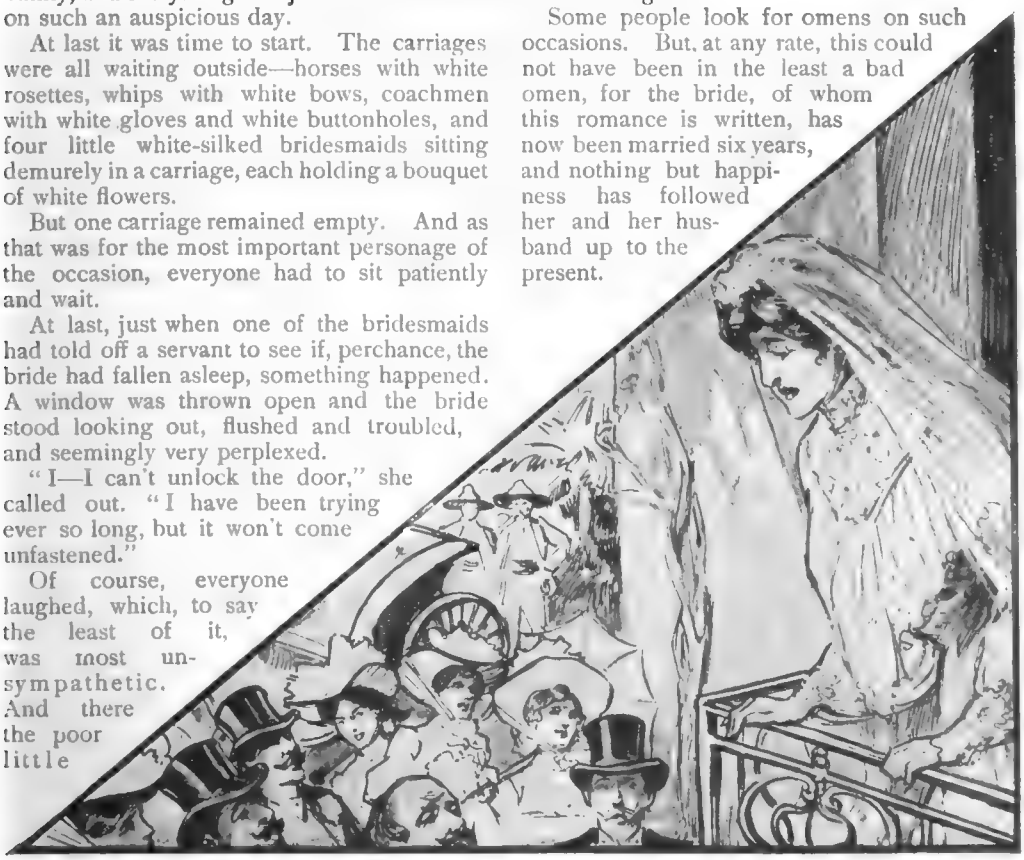
Then another, more inspired, suggested a means of "raising the siege."

First, a strong table was lifted on to the verandah below the window, and on this a couple of chairs were placed. As the houses in Buenos Ayres are mostly low built, these improvised steps just reached the balcony.

And from the balcony the imprisoned little bride was assisted, step by step, until she reached the verandah.

Then, away with a clatter, all drove to the wedding.

Some people look for omens on such occasions. But, at any rate, this could not have been in the least a bad omen, for the bride, of whom this romance is written, has now been married six years, and nothing but happiness has followed her and her husband up to the present.



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A Tartar.

THEY met in a train travelling to Paris—an Englishman and a highly-dressed and much-jewelled American. For a while they sat in silence. Then the American made a casual allusion to the scene. From that time the conversation increased until it became quite intimate.

The Englishman said he was going to Paris to see the sights. To this the American replied that he, too, was going there for precisely the same purpose.

"I have forty thousand francs in my bag," the Englishman remarked.

"Well met, indeed," the other returned. "I, too, have much money. In fact, I have made my pile, and now I mean to enjoy myself."

A few hours later they were seated at *table d'hôte* in one of the most expensive of Parisian *cafés*.

After dessert, the American pulled out a silver cigar-case. Opening it he found that he had no cigars left.

"I say," he ejaculated, "can you speak French?" The Englishman nodded. "Well, I can't speak a word. So you might do me a favour and go to that tobacconist we passed as we came here and get me a box of green cigars. I can't stand the things they sell here. You leave your bag with me. It won't take you a minute!"

The Englishman hesitated, casting an eye on his bag.

"You are suspicious, sir," remarked the American sternly. "Do you imagine that I would fly from Paris for a paltry forty thousand francs?" He drew out his pocket-book. "Now, sir, I am not suspicious of you. Here, take this as security for your paltry notes. There is more than ten times their value in that wallet."

Apparently satisfied, the Englishman accepted the pocket-book, and at once set out to fetch the cigars. Ten minutes later he returned. But the American had disappeared, and with him, of course, the bag.

The Englishman waited. Thirty minutes went by—then sixty. Still no American! Then he began to realise that he had been duped.

Taking out the pocket-book, he began to examine its contents. A hasty survey revealed a bundle of French notes. He counted them—two hundred and fifty francs' worth in all.

Did the American imagine that was sufficient security for the bag? Laying the notes on the table before him, the Englishman burst into laughter. For five minutes his frame shook, and the tears ran down his cheeks in the endeavour to suppress his mirth.

"More than ten times the value of what is in your bag," the American had said. Even the Englishman himself could, not deny this to be perfectly true. Two *Telegraphs*, the *Times*, and an *Express* are scarcely worth twenty-five shillings, even in the best of markets.

That was all the hand-bag contained. As for the forty thousand francs in notes, they lay snugly folded in the Englishman's pocket-book. (He had met other "millionaires" before, and he knew their little ways.) Alongside also lay the American's two hundred and fifty francs *security*, or, rather, what was left of it after deducting the cost of the sumptuous dinner that they had enjoyed together at the *café*.

The "millionaire" had met a tartar!

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A Leap for Life.

NOT many months ago, Miss Beulah Thorn, who is one of the loveliest girls in Texas, was out riding on horseback. Near by the road passed over the great suspension bridge that spans the Colorado River.

She had trotted about a quarter of the way over when the sound of heavy hoofs caused her to glance around. Not a hundred yards behind a great cloud of dust floated in the hot air. And in this cloud a great herd of oxen was thundering straight towards her.

With eyes aflame, and bellowing loud and ominously, they rushed on to the bridge.

In spite of the awful fear that assailed her, the girl never for a moment lost her presence of mind. She glanced before her. Far away—it looked an interminable distance—she could see the end of the bridge. There only was safety. But was it possible to reach refuge before the oxen overtook them?

Her eyes fell upon her horse. Blazer—that is the animal's name—was swift and sure of foot.

"Now, Blazer, go!" the girl commanded, tightening her grip upon the rein, and bringing her whip down on his flanks.

A bound: the horse had answered to the call. They were off—to safety? But, no. something was happening that the girl had not foreseen. Under the huge weight of the living avalanche the great suspension bridge was swaying heavily. The movement caused the horse to stumble.

There came a mighty roar and the thunder of many hoofs. The herd was on them. Pale, but collected, the girl reined her steed round, and faced the mad onslaught.

Now a young bull, its head bent low between its fore legs, thundered by; another followed, old and weighty. With nose almost touching the ground and head tilted sideways, it made straight for them, then swerved aside, grazing the chestnut's flanks with its sharp horns.

Still, the terrified girl never for a moment lost her self-possession, but cast around for some other means of escape. Only one loophole presented itself to her. Far below she could see the swirling, muddy waters of the Colorado.

For an instant she hesitated and patted the neck of her trembling steed. Would he make that awful leap? She faced him towards the railings.

"Go, Blazer, leap!" the girl cried out.

And Blazer leapt, bearing his fair mistress on his back down, down, into the swift-running Colorado.

On the river-bank a dozen cowboys had seen the gallant leap. Voiceless with excitement they watched both the girl and steed disappear with a great splash beneath the water.

At last the horse rose—riderless. For a few minutes the animal swam round in a circle, as if in search of something.

Five yards away a figure appeared above the water, and swam towards the horse. A minute more and the girl had clambered into the saddle. Then, with a delighted neigh, the horse swam quickly to the shore.

Springing from their saddles, the cowboys sent up cheer after cheer, and ran to the brink to assist the brave girl. Six rough, willing hands were outstretched to her, whilst one cowboy, filled with admiration for the faithful horse, put out his hands and embraced its glossy neck affectionately.

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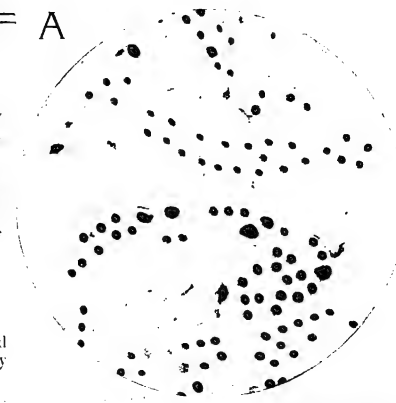
THE TALE OF A TADPOLE.

A Story Told to Children, and Illustrated with X-Ray Photographs, all about the Life of a Tadpole: First, at the Bottom of the Pond, as a Weird Sort of Fish; and Later, in the Fields, Woods, and Gardens, as a Full-grown Frog. The Photographs are the Copyright of W. Morley Martin.

By Marcus Woodward.

The children, helped by the terrier, had aroused an old frog from his mid-day nap in the flower-bed, and had chased him for his life into the cool green recesses of the gold-fish's pond. Therefore, when, shortly afterwards, they fell upon me as I lay in the hammock, and made their inevitable demand for a story, I thought to read to them the riddle of the life of the old frog that they had so shamefully ill-treated.



(1) The eggs, or spawn, of a toad. They are very similar in appearance to those of their kinsman, the frog.

That poor old frog (said I, when the children and the terrier at last had made themselves quite comfortable upon me) once had a father and a mother, like all of us here; but neither his father nor his mother were present when he was born; nor did his parents ever give him the slightest thought or care. Ever since he came into the world he has had to look out for himself.

(2) At the end of a few weeks the spawn hatches, and the young tadpoles jerk themselves free from the gelatinous mass that has been their birth-place.

His father met his mother for the first time one day in a February many years ago, when the missel-thrush was crying out to all the world that winter was dying, and spring was at hand. Mr. Frog, if you will believe me, had passed the winter at the bottom of the pond, fast asleep; while Mrs. Frog had dozed away the cold days, snugly lying under a great heap of dead leaves in the wood near the pond. They met, that February day, by the pond's brink, where many other frogs had gathered together, intent on laying eggs.

Photo by W. Morley Martin, Redruth.

(3) The head increases in size very rapidly, until the little creatures appear to consist of nothing but heads and tails.

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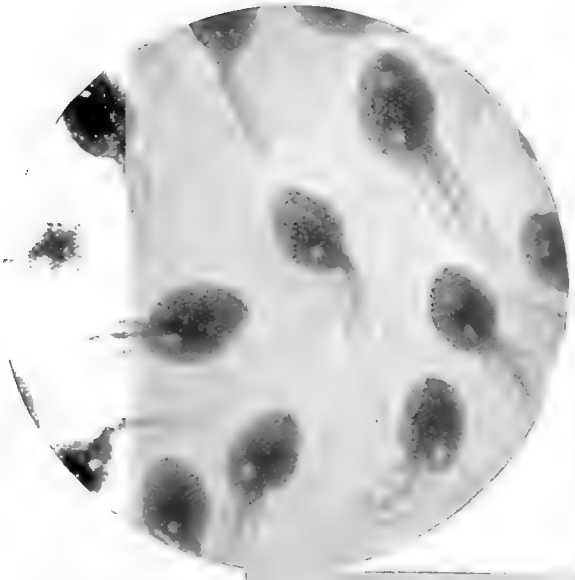


(4) The white spot on each of the tadpoles' backs show the most transparent part of their bodies. The cause of this mark is attributed to the weakening of the tissue to allow for the exit of the back legs.

Mrs. Frog promptly fell in love with Mr. Frog because of his beautiful voice. *You* would think it harsh and croaky, but Mrs. Frog thought the "*Grook! grook! grook! grook!*" of Mr. Frog simply lovely, and thereupon promised to be his wife. Only the gentlemen frogs, you see, have voices; the ladies can merely give a grunt to show how delighted they are when their lovers sing them songs.

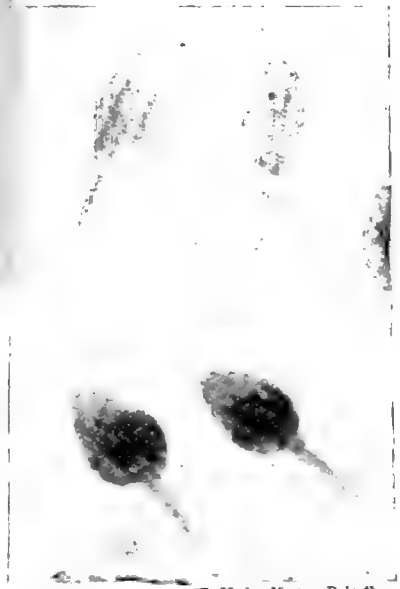
They soon set about laying their eggs, taking care to drop them in the pond. But frogs' eggs are not laid separately, like birds' eggs; they are laid by the hundred and the thousand at a time, all joined together, and they float in great slimy masses on the surface of the water. Mrs. Frog was not content until she had dropped quite two thousand eggs into the water. Then she and he turned their backs on the pond, and never gave another thought to their eggs, or to the little tadpoles that would soon hatch out.

If you had looked at the eggs very carefully, you would have found that each one was wrapped up in a little slimy envelope, and if you had watched them for a few days, you would have noticed that the envelopes gradually swelled up, and that, after a week or two, something could be seen within each egg that looked like a little head and body and tail, but very blurry—a queer little thing, much more like a fish than a frog. At the end of a fortnight or so, you would have seen that the thing within the envelope of each egg had turned into a baby tadpole.

The tadpoles in the eggs were kept alive by little stores of food that had been packed away under them. They grew and grew, by living on this food, until at last they felt so strong that they burst out from their weak prisons and began to swim about round their empty shells, and to feel the joy of life.

The baby tadpoles that came out of the eggs were dark

(5) These tadpoles are just beginning to grow their hind legs. Both appear simultaneously, and look at first like little buds.



Photos by W. Morley Martin, Redruth.

(6) But in a few weeks the buds have sprouted out and developed into two long legs, each possessing five toes.

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(7) The final stage in the development of a tail. The little reptiles now live on water-weeds and other vegetation that grow in the ponds.

brown in colour, and they all had very good tails, so that they could swim about easily; but they had no mouths, and so, of course, they could not eat. For several days they lived on the larders within their own bodies, which had kept them alive when within the eggs. They passed their time playing a very curious game, one that young tadpoles delight in.

You must know that on the under-sides of their heads the baby tadpoles had suckers, which allowed them to stick tightly to the green shoots of the plants that grew in the pond. The game was for a number of tadpoles to put their heads as closely together as possible, and for all to cling tightly to one green leaf, in a closely-packed bunch of wriggling bodies. Every tadpole then tried to push his way into the centre of the cluster; and so the whole bunch was always in a wriggle, those on the outside edges trying to push their way into the centre, and those in the centre trying to stick tightly where they were, and to keep the others away.

I don't say the tadpoles *knew* they were playing a game; but this is always how they behave when they are first born.

But soon mouths began to appear on the little creatures' faces—one of the first of the many changes through which the queer brown bodies must pass. And when their mouths arrived they had a new interest in life, for then they could eat; and eat they did, on every tender green thing that came in their way.

And changes went on inside and outside their bodies. The tails grew longer, the suckers began to disappear, the little gills through which they breathed began to disappear, too, from the outside of their bodies, and to grow inside instead; and the mouths became bordered with lips like funnels; until, when the tadpoles were about a month

Photos by W. Morley Martin, Redruth.

(8) These tadpoles have almost turned into frogs. But before the change is complete they must rid themselves of their tails. As the days go by their long tails become shorter and shorter until they entirely disappear.

old, each one measured about one inch in length, and owned a fat round body, which it could send darting through the water at a great pace by flaps of the long tail.

The next thing that happened was that legs began to appear. I suppo e the tadpoles had

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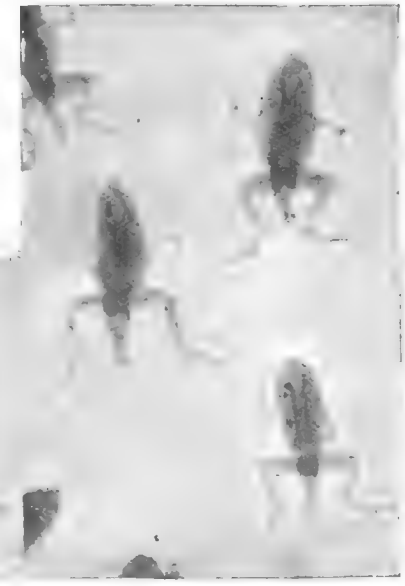
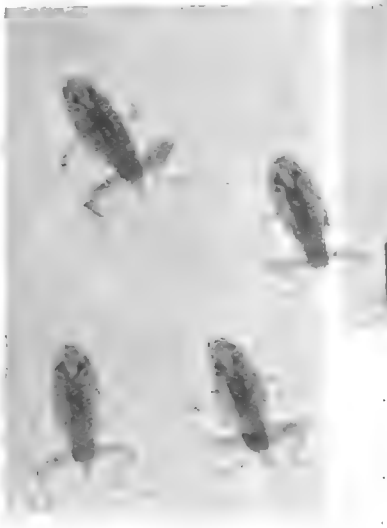
already passed through so many changes, that they were never surprised at any new change. At first the two hind legs of the tadpoles looked like little buds; but in a few weeks the buds had shot out into two quite long legs, each with five toes at the end of it.

The hind legs showed first; but, whilst they were growing, the front legs were also growing, and growing more quickly; but they did not show, for they were still hidden beneath the skin. Not until they were fully developed did they suddenly burst through. Then each tadpole found that it had four legs. So now it could walk as well as swim.

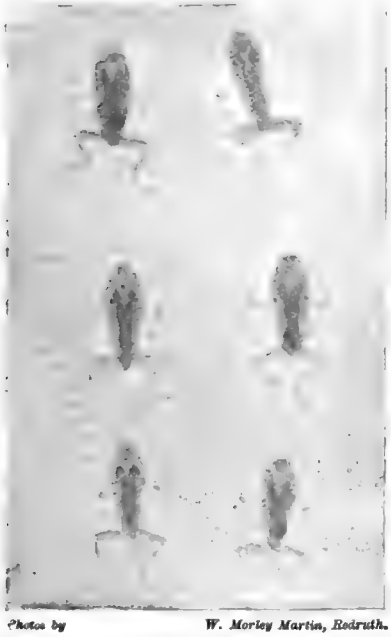
While the legs were growing, still other changes were going on. For one thing, each tadpole shed its entire skin, showing a new skin that had been hidden beneath the top one; and showing now, for the first time, lids to the little dark eyes. Each tadpole's round mouth slowly grew wider and larger; and inside the body lungs were growing, so that in time it would be able to breathe by its lungs, instead of through gills. And other changes that took place daily inside each little brown body allowed the tadpoles to stop living only on vegetable food, and to take to eating the little animals and insects which lived in the pond.



(9) This photograph was taken four days later than the preceding one. The tadpoles have already lost a portion of their tails——



(10)—and a day or two later they have diminished to this size——



Photos by W. Morley Martin, Redruth.

(11)—until at last no tails are left, and no tadpoles. For these are all perfect, little frogs.

Last of all, while the hind legs grew longer and longer, the tail of each tadpole grew shorter and shorter, until in time there was only a stump left. Then all the tadpoles began to have a strange desire to leave their watery home; and each began to turn his eyes—now fitted with moveable lids, and with little canals through which tears could be dropped when it wanted to cry—towards the banks of the pond.

And then, one by one, every one of the hundreds of little tadpoles that had come out of the eggs made a leap from the water to the dry land, and began to live an entirely new sort of life—in the ditches by the hedge-sides, in the long meadow grass, in woods and in gardens, only going back at times to the water to moisten their delicate browny-green skins.

* * * * *

Such was the strange babyhood that was passed by a certain old frog who lived to be chased by certain bad children and a dog into a gold-fish's pond. As he

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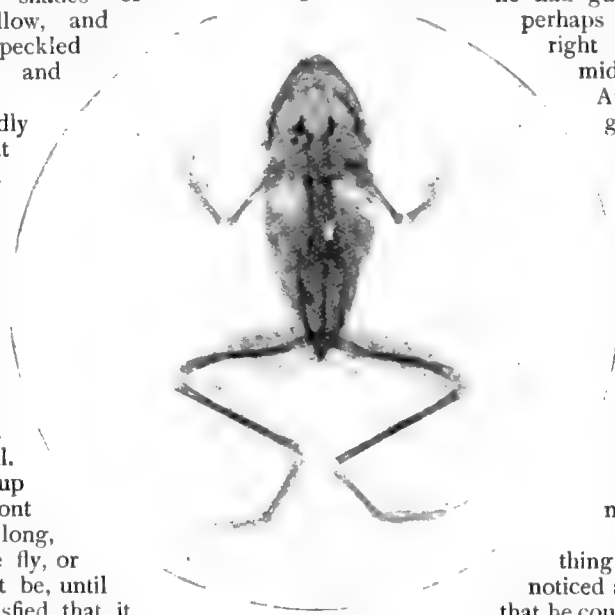
grew older, he grew bigger and fatter, and the upper part of his body became covered with beautiful shades of brown and yellow, and banded and speckled with dark lines and spots.

You could hardly see a funnier sight anywhere, than the frog swallowing his food. Suppose he suddenly saw a worm, a grub, a caterpillar, or a fly, or a moth, that looked like a dainty mouthful. He would sit up high on his front legs, and take a long, steady look at the fly, or whatever it might be, until he was quite satisfied that it was alive—if it were dead, he would not touch it — then suddenly, like a flash of lightning, out his tongue would shoot, to just touch the fly, and then to whip back into the big mouth before the poor fly had time to know that anything had happened.



(12) A young frog, showing the bones of its body completely formed, except at the joints, which are the last parts of their skeletons to become ossified.

Then he would sit back and gulp. It wouldn't be a gulp such as you or I would give if we wanted to swallow anything; but such a big gulp that his whole body would shake. The gulp would seem to run all down his body, from his head to his toes; and after the first gulp, he would give a second gulp, and perhaps three or four gulps, until he had gulped the poor fly, perhaps still quite alive, right down into the middle of his body. And every time he gulped he would pull his eyeballs in, and shut down his eyelids, as much as to say: "How delicious flies are! Let me shut my eyes and not think of anything else, until I've safely swallowed him!"

Frogs, you see, have anything but nice table-manners. Another funny thing you might have noticed about this frog was that he could not breathe with his mouth open. No frog can. If you watched the frog's mouth, you would see that the skin of the chin was always rising and falling, and that the nostrils were always opening and shutting. When he takes a mouthful of air, the frog must shut up his mouth tight, in order to drive the air down to his lungs. But at the same time he could live a long time without breathing in this way, for, strange to tell, he could breathe through his skin. All frogs can.

This frog that I am telling you about lived very happily all through the summer and autumn, jumping about in the woods and ditches, always busily hunting for food. When the days began to grow short and cold, he began to feel sleepy: and something told him it would be a good idea to find a warm, snug place,

Photos by *W. Morley Martin, Hastings.*

(13) By the time the frogs have lost their tails, they have become most expert hunters of flies. Creeping stealthily up to the insects, they catch them with a lightning stroke of their long tongues.

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where he could quietly doze away the cold days. For frogs grow very quiet when winter comes, and hardly move at all; fortunately, they always eat so much food in the summer, that they are able to pass through the winter, eating hardly anything.

The frog's father, as I have told you, passed the winter down at the bottom of the pond where the tadpoles were born. Some frogs like to winter in the water, like this; others prefer to snuggle under piles of dead leaves, in the woods and ditches. It was under a pile of leaves that our frog made a nest for himself, as his mother had done before him, where he was quite comfortable in the snowy and frosty weather.

All through the winter he remained, thus snugly hidden away, until at last the sun began

(14) A frog in the prime of life. A comparison between it and the young frog in the twelfth illustration shows the joints of all the limbs to be completely filled up with bone.

Photos by W. Morley Martin, Redruth.

(15) An old frog that has seen its best days and been in the wars. It will be noticed that its left hind leg is broken, and the "fingers" of its right "hand" are sadly damaged.

to grow strong again, violets began to look out, and the missel-thrush began to sing that the winter was passing, and that spring would soon be at hand. Then the frog began to stretch his legs, and think how nice a fat worm or two would be.

He grew up, this frog, to be a fine fat fellow, and to live happily for many years, in spite of several terrible adventures, and some narrow escapes from snakes, owls, and other enemies, who are a little too fond of him and his kind to be pleasant. At the present moment Master Froggy is lying down at the bottom of a certain gold-fish's pond, doubtless telling the gold-fish how it was only by jumping amongst them that he escaped with his skin from some naughty children and a bad dog: on whose part, I think, it would be a graceful act if they now ran and told him how sorry they are.

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These miniature bicycles are perfect in detail. The smaller of the two is composed of gold, and the larger one of silver. Their smallness can be gauged from the thimble beside them, which is of ordinary size.

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

That Quaint Photo you Have in your Album may be just the very Thing the Editor Wants. Try!—it is Worth Risking a Penny Stamp on!

THE SMALLEST CYCLES IN THE WORLD.

WERE Gulliver to spring suddenly to life, with a handful of juvenile Lilliputians, Mr. G. M. Sibbald, of Leeds, the maker of these wonderful miniature models, would be able immediately to supply the little people with bicycles.

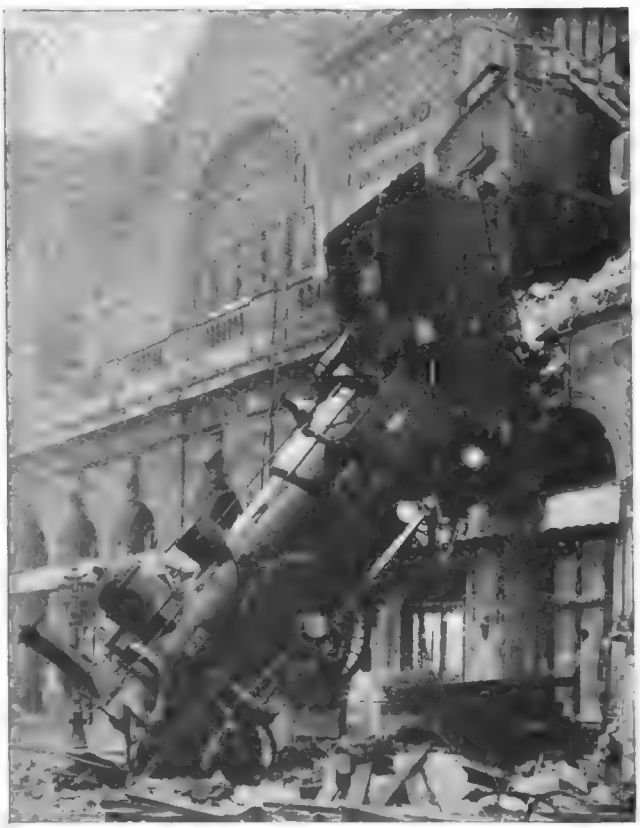
Although the smaller machine, which is made of gold is only three-quarters of an inch in height, it is as perfectly constructed as a bicycle a thousand times its size.

In the lesser machine there are 180 separate parts, and in the larger at least 102. They are so carefully and beautifully made that by merely pushing the bicycles along the pedals revolve.

A QUEER RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

THE peculiar railway accident shown in the photograph happened at a terminus station in Paris. By some means the pneumatic brakes of a train refused to act, and in spite of all efforts to draw up, it rushed into the station at a tremendous pace. Just before the train reached the buffers the fireman and driver jumped, and escaped little the worse.

With a terrific crash, the engine dashed into the buffers, hurling them aside like matchwood, and then rushed onward through the wall of the station, where it ended its mad career by falling into the street. Luckily no one on the train was severely hurt.



Owing to the brakes refusing to act, this train ran full speed into a terminus station, crashed through the wall of it, and fell into the street below.

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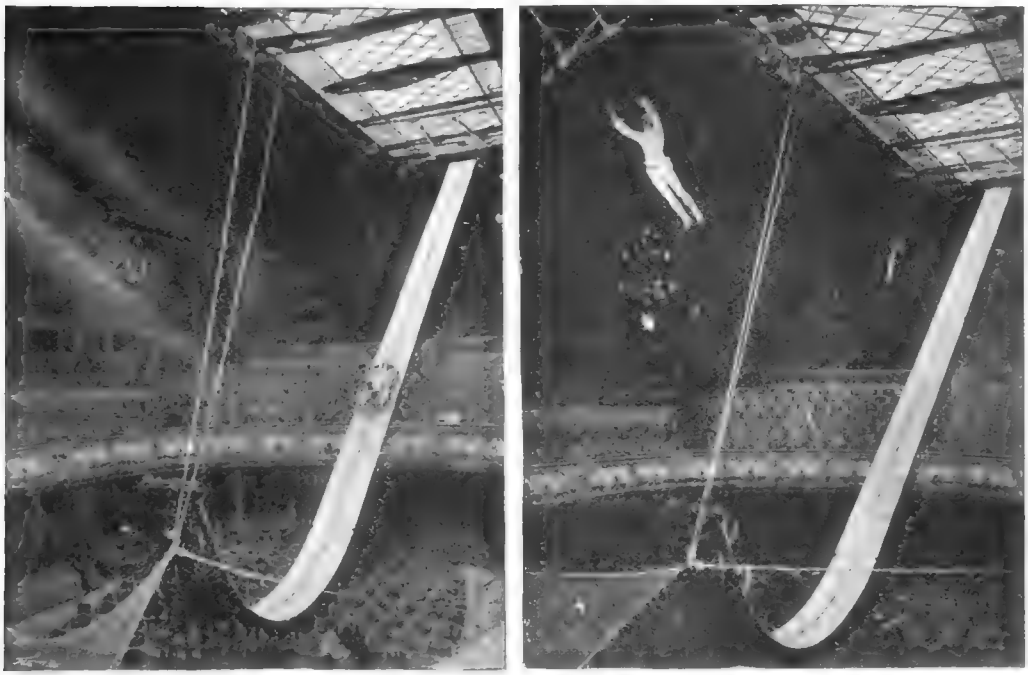


A sensational performance that takes place nightly at the Parisian Olympia. The performer rushes down the chute in a four-wheeled trolley, and at the end of the journey is shot high into the air up to a trapeze, on to which he clings.

TOBOGGANING THROUGH THE AIR.

When a daring man first looped the loop it seemed as if the climax of thrilling performances had been reached. But Raoul Mombat has devised something more daring and "life-tempting" than ever.

From the roof of the Parisian Olympia a chute has been erected, which terminates with a sharp upward ascent, at the end of which strong buffers are fixed.

Down the chute, lying on his chest in a four-wheeled trolley, his head pointing in the direction it is travelling, Mombat rushes at lightning speed. At the end of its fearful journey the trolley is suddenly brought to a sharp stop by the buffers.

The terrific impetus shoots Mombat high in the air up to the trapeze, on to which he climbs, and the most sensational performance in the world is ended.

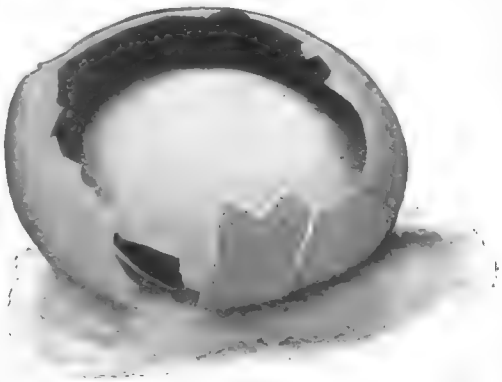
IS IT A MYSTERY SOLVED?

For ages past philosophers and other learned men have been baffled by the problem "which came first the egg or the hen?"

Without going into the time-worn argument, "the hen must have laid the egg," and the natural reply, "but what laid the egg from which the hen was hatched," a careful study of the picture below ought to provide another theory.

The egg laid the egg. It seems absurd, but such is the case, and those that doubt this statement can see the egg for themselves in the Weston Park Museum, Sheffield.

This extraordinary egg had not only a double yolk, but also, as the photograph shows, a complete egg contained in itself. Such an occurrence is by no means uncommon, ducks being the greatest producers of such freaks.



An extraordinary egg, which, when broken, was found to contain a double yolk, and a perfect egg within.

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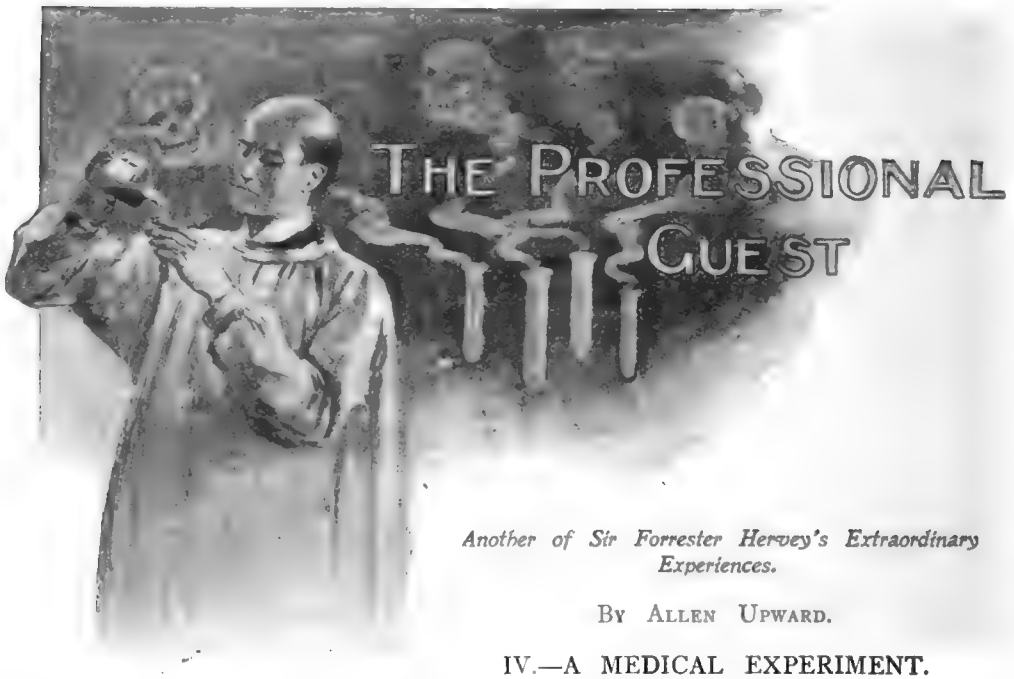

Another of Sir Forrester Hervey's Extraordinary Experiences.

By Allen Upward.

IV.—A MEDICAL EXPERIMENT.

I should not have accepted the engagement offered by Professor Greathead, of Cambridge, but for the circumstance that I had been idle for a longer time than usual, and was consequently in serious need of money.

What the Professor wanted, so far as I could understand from his letter to the Agency, was a combination of private secretary and laboratory assistant, "sufficiently presentable"—I quote the Professor's words—"to be admitted to my own table."

As I have been admitted to the presence of my Sovereign, I did not feel any serious doubt of my fitness for the society of Professor Greathead; but I felt that the position offered was rather that of a servant than a friend, and so I stipulated that the secretary of the Agency should introduce me as "Mr." Hervey.

John Jacob Greathead, M.D., B.Sc., F.R.C.S., F.R.S., and about a dozen more letters of the alphabet; Professor of Comparative Pathology; Corresponding Member of the Swedish Institute of Medicine; Honorary Fellow of the Obed. B. Hickson Toxicological Research Museum of Omaha, U.S.A.; and gold medallist of several other learned institutions, resided in an old-fashioned house in a secluded corner of the town of Cambridge. At the back of the house stood an unsightly structure with a galvanised iron roof, which was evidently a recent addition.

This was, in fact, the Professor's laboratory, in which he carried out those experiments which had won for him his high place in the scientific world.

Professor Greathead was not married, and his household consisted of a cook, a housemaid, and a man who acted as butler and valet, besides helping in the rough work of the laboratory.

It was this man, whose name was Moon, who opened the door to me when I arrived.

He scowled at me when I announced myself, as though he thought I had taken a liberty in coming to the front door, and made no offer to help me with my luggage. I carried my few things into the house myself, and asked to be shown my room.

"You'd better come and see the Professor first," the man said in a surly tone.

He walked in front of me till we came to a green baize door, giving access to a covered passage from the house to the laboratory.

I walked to the end of the passage and gave a respectful tap.

No answer being returned, I knocked again, more loudly.

"Come in, can't you!" called out an impatient voice.

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I opened the door, and found myself in a great bare room, lit by wide, curtainless windows, the walls and ceiling white-washed, and the floor showing naked boards. A large deal table ran along beneath the windows, strewn with various chemical appliances, other smaller tables were laden with retorts and similar objects, and there was a large cupboard, whose open doors revealed shelves crowded with bottles and tubes.

There was only one chair in the room, occupied by the Professor himself, who wore a suit of brown holland. His back was towards me as I entered, and he was bending over a microscope, in an intent attitude.

"Shut the door," he snapped out, without removing his eye from the instrument, "and clean up those test-tubes."

Thinking it better not to interrupt his attention by speaking, I glanced round the place, and saw in the far corner a sink, under a dripping tap. On a tray beside the sink was an assortment of glass tubes and bottles.

I started to walk across the room. Before I had taken half-a-dozen steps I heard an angry ejaculation.

"What have you got your boots on for?"

"I beg your pardon, sir. I didn't know——"

"What! Who's that?" With a sharp cry of anger, Professor Greathead removed his eyes from the microscope and rose out of his chair, facing me.

The appearance of my employer was less formidable than his voice and manner had led me to expect. He was a tall, elderly man of sixty or more, with a nearly bald head, and a clean-shaven face, and his expression, though stern, was by no means forbidding.

"I am Mr. Hervey," I explained, as he seemed evidently puzzled by my presence in his laboratory. "I have just arrived, and your man told me I was to come in here."

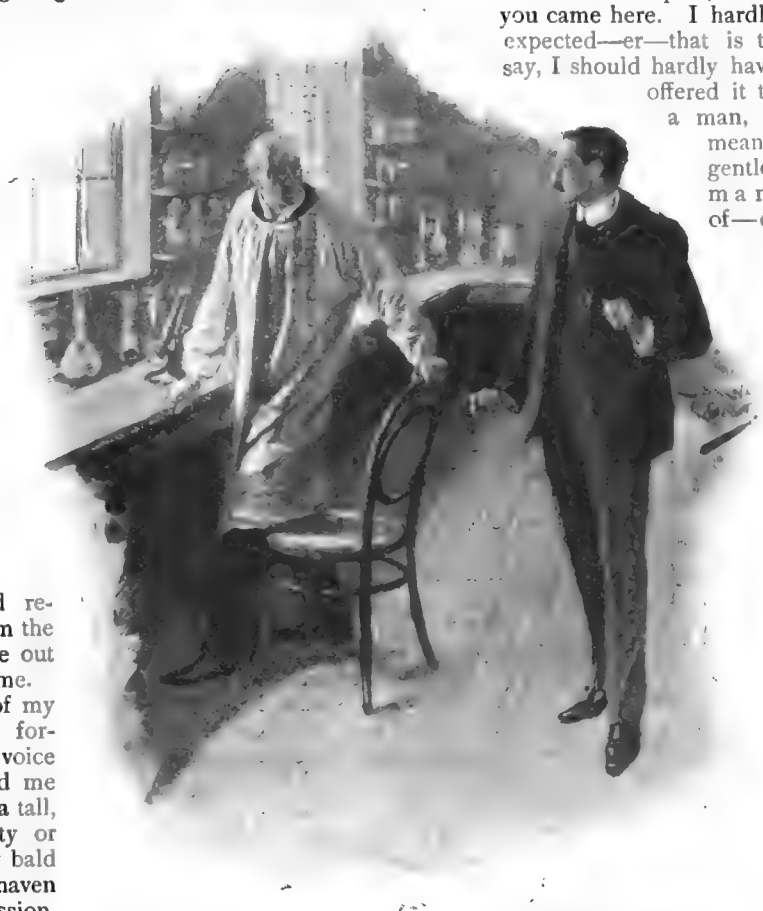
The Professor frowned in evident annoyance.

"Why didn't he announce you properly?" he demanded. "I object to be taken by surprise in this way."

"I object equally, sir," I returned, my temper beginning to get the better of me at last. "I asked to be shown to my room, but the man directed me to come and present myself to you, and I naturally supposed that he was carrying out your instructions."

"Well, he wasn't." By this time Professor Greathead had recovered his composure sufficiently to take a good look at me. He went on speaking in a more civil tone:

"I don't know whether you fully understood the—er—the nature of the post, when you came here. I hardly expected—er—that is to say, I should hardly have offered it to a man, I mean a gentleman, of—er



With a sharp cry of anger, Professor Greathead removed his eyes from the microscope and rose out of his chair, facing me.

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—education and—" I shrank before my employer's embarrassment. Was I to be deprived of this situation, like others before it, because I was "too good for the post"?

"I am honestly sorry if you think me too well educated, sir. I am a poor man, and your offer was very welcome to me."

"Well, never mind," the Professor said, not unkindly, though with a certain reluctance; "you can see how the place suits you. I will see that Moon treats you with proper respect. At the same time, I must tell you plainly that I can't make any difference in my treatment of you. If you take the place you must take the drawbacks."

I began to thank him, but he cut me short by ringing the bell.

"Show Mr. Hervey to his room," he ordered the factotum sternly.

Moon took in the situation. He conducted me upstairs, carrying one of my portmanteaus, and though his manner continued to be sullen and disagreeable, he was careful not to indulge in any more open rudeness.

I felt a good deal more cheerful, and rather favourably disposed towards my employer, as I returned to the laboratory.

This time, I noticed, the microscope had been put away, and Professor Greathead showed no signs of disturbance at my entrance. I had put on a pair of bedroom slippers with soft soles, to show my deference to his wishes, and I went straight to the sink and began the work of washing the test-tubes.

The Professor, who was boiling something in a retort, watched me for a short time, before remarking:

"*You* need not have put on those things, Mr. Hervey. I make Moon wear slippers because his tread is so heavy."

"I don't mind it in the least, sir, I assure you."

"I *prefer* you not to wear them," was the decisive answer.

During the rest of the afternoon my employer spoke to me freely on the subject of his scientific work. He questioned me in order to find out what I knew on such subjects as chemistry, bacteriology, and so on.

I was obliged to confess that, although I had had some lessons in chemistry at school, I recollected very little of them, except that water was composed of oxygen and hydrogen, and that if you put a lighted match into a jar of the former gas, it was promptly extinguished.

Dr. Greathead took my confession very good-humouredly.

"So much the better; so much the better," he said contentedly. "A man who is engaged in original work does not want assistants who know too much. Secrets are apt to get out."

I remembered the microscope and began to think I could account for the Professor's annoyance at my intrusion.

"I must warn you," he went on, "never to touch anything here without my express directions, particularly those cultures of bacilli." He pointed to some small glasses containing sticky-looking substances on one of the side tables. "And you must be careful to wash your hands in an antiseptic solution every time you come in or go out; and if you have the slightest cut or scratch on your skin you must wear gloves."

He looked at me closely for a moment and added:

"You must shave that moustache; it is most dangerous."

I felt rather alarmed.

"Is that absolutely necessary, sir?"

"Certainly. Many of the drugs I experiment with are poisonous; but there is more danger in one of those cultures than in all the drugs put together. I have got smallpox in one of those test-tubes."

I shivered as I wondered what other diseases were stored up in Professor Greathead's laboratory, but did not venture to ask.

Seeing, no doubt, that he had made me rather nervous, my employer added:

"There is no danger, of course; no danger if you follow my instructions. But as young men are sometimes careless, you had better keep a watch over your health, and let me know directly if you feel any unusual symptom. You must take your temperature every night and morning—that is a thing which everyone ought to be compelled to do by law. You will find a clinical thermometer in your bedroom, and I will instruct you how to use it."

I could not refuse to obey, but I secretly hoped that it would be some time before Dr. Greathead succeeded in inducing Parliament to legislate in the desired direction.

At six o'clock my employer released me from my work indoors, ordering me to take a brisk walk for an hour before dinner.

I went out, nothing loth, but at the same time I chafed a little under this strict regime. If our scientific rulers of the future are going to order our lives with the benevolent strictness with which Dr. Greathead ordered mine,

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the life of the convict will lose its distinctive character.

I dressed for dinner, nothing having been said to me on the subject, but found that the Professor had contented himself with removing his holland covers, under which he wore a dark lounge suit.

He did not hesitate to rebuke me for my sacrifice to convention.

"You will oblige me by not repeating that folly," he observed, indicating my shirt front. "It is a most dangerous practice to remove the clothes to which the body has communicated its warmth, and replace them by a thin suit, thus exposing the chest."

I bowed submissively. The butler-valet came and poured soda water into a tumbler for me. I could not avoid glancing at the Professor's wine-glass, which had just been filled with hock. However, as he offered no apology, I was unable to say whether this differential treatment was due to meanness or medical care.

The dinner was plain, and not very substantial. I could not resist a feeling that I was being allowanced and dieted, but as my employer applied the same restrictions to himself, except in the article of wine, it was impossible to complain.

As soon as the cloth was cleared, I asked Dr. Greathead if he wished me to retire.

"By no means," was the cordial answer. "I wish you to do exactly what you like. This is Liberty Hall."

I had my own opinion about that, however.

We sat on, and talked, the conversation turning chiefly on lethal chambers. The Professor expounded his views with great frankness.

"Every infant, as soon as it is born," he said, "ought to be submitted to a committee of experts, to decide whether it is likely to prove a healthy subject. If their opinion is adverse, it should at once be put out of existence."

"What about the parents?" I suggested.

"Parents!" the Professor glared at me as if I had said something bad. "Parents are a nuisance. Parents are a curse. They should be allowed to have nothing whatever to do with their offspring."

"You would deprive them of the affection of their children, would you not?" I ventured to urge.

Professor Greathead snorted.

"Affection is a sentiment, an emotion, a purely savage trait which will disappear with advancing civilisation. The affection of children for their parents is an incalculable evil. It only leads to the needless prolonging of the parents' lives. Every parent at the age of—at the age when symptoms of senile decay appear—should be put out of existence in as painless a fashion as possible. Think of the fearful waste to the community involved in the support of parents who have ceased to be producers and wage-earners. No, sir, don't talk to me of pitiable affection. The stupidity of children is even worse than that of parents, if possible."

That night my employer himself insisted on taking my temperature. He was even kind enough to examine me medically, and spent a considerable time in sounding my heart, testing my lungs, and generally satisfying himself as to my condition.

At breakfast I was given cocoa, while the Professor indulged in tea. As I detest cocoa, I ventured to plead for something more palatable, and Dr. Greathead so far relaxed as to order coffee.

Not to dwell on these details I may say in a word that the Professor continued to treat me very much as if I were a hospital patient under his care. I found the treatment irksome, but I could only attribute it to his friendly interest, and I therefore endeavoured to bear it cheerfully.

I will not attempt to describe the nature of the Professor's experiments, but there was one to which he seemed to attach great importance. He had inoculated a white rabbit with some form of fever, whose nature he did not explain to me, and every day he made voluminous notes on the progress of the disease.

I had not been in my new situation more than a month when one day, on entering the laboratory, I found the Professor holding a small hypodermic syringe in his hand, and seeming absorbed in anxious meditation.

"Come here, Mr. Hervey," he said as soon as I had shut the door. "I have just learned that there is a danger of an epidemic of typhoid in Cambridge."

"I have heard nothing about it, sir," I said in surprise.

"The authorities are trying to keep it concealed, for fear that, if it were known, the University might send down the students, which would mean a serious loss to the town."

"Indeed, sir." I spoke as coldly as I could, foreseeing what was coming.

"Yes. It is necessary to take every precaution, and I want to inject a little of this

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prophylactic in your arm, so as to be on the safe side."

I had submitted meekly enough to all my employer's whims up to the present, but I thought this was going too far, and I determined to draw the line.

"I am very sorry to disoblige you, sir, but I am afraid I must ask you to excuse me," I said respectfully.

Professor Greathead turned as black as a thunder cloud.

"Do you mean that you distrust me?" he asked fiercely.

"Not at all, sir. I have no right whatever to question your scientific knowledge. But I think I have a right to say that I do not care to undergo this particular treatment."

"You are an inmate of my household," he reminded me.

"I know that, sir. But I did not agree to submit to any operations of this kind, and I must respectfully decline to do so."

My firmness plainly disconcerted the Professor.

"Very well," he said harshly, putting down the syringe. "Have your own way; but if you get the fever, don't blame me."

In a very short time afterwards I began to experience a feeling of depression, and loss of energy. I ate less, and I was no longer able to walk so fast or so far as when I arrived.

At first I put this down to the effect of fancy. Being restricted and dieted like a valetudinarian had made me believe myself one—so I argued.

But I soon caught sight of a new expression in the Professor's face as he watched me at meal times which showed me that he, too, perceived something amiss. And a still more serious corroboration was furnished by the clinical thermometer. By almost imperceptible grades my temperature steadily mounted up till it was impossible any longer to doubt that I was really ill.

With the obstinacy of a strong man, who had never been laid up since he could remember, I refused to give in, or complain, and went about my work as usual, up to the very last moment.

The result was that one morning, after breakfast, while I was engaged in cleaning out a spirit-lamp, I succumbed to a sudden faintness, and collapsed on the floor of the laboratory.

Instantly Professor Greathead was at my side.

"You are ill. Tell me exactly how you feel?" he said, seizing my pulse.

In my weak state I resented the tone in which he put the question. It sounded as though his interest in me were rather scientific than personal.

"I think I must have a slight touch of fever," I responded. "I should like to see a doctor."

The Professor frowned.

"I am a doctor of medicine," he said stiffly. "You are quite safe in my hands. I shall put you to bed at once. You ought to have told me when you felt this coming on."

He rang the bell for assistance, and he and the servant carried me upstairs, and placed me in bed.

"Moon will attend to you," my employer said. "He is accustomed to nursing, and I will go at once and make up a prescription for you."

For some days I lay there, getting no better, though I took all the medicines offered me by Dr. Greathead. Though not an agreeable companion for an invalid, I could not complain of Moon as a nurse. He carried out the Professor's directions scrupulously, and did not neglect me in any way.

On the fourth day I felt worse. I did not venture to ask for a second opinion, for fear of offending my employer, but I summoned up courage to say that I should like my mother to be informed of my condition.

Professor Greathead heard this request with a look of dismay.

"Your mother? You didn't tell me you had a mother," he exclaimed.

"She is my only relation," I answered feebly. "She is old and feeble, and entirely dependent on me."

The Professor looked genuinely distressed. He muttered something to himself.

"That's bad—that's very unfortunate," he said aloud. "Well, if anything happens to you under my roof, she shall be provided for. I will see to that."

I was too weak to do more than murmur a few words of gratitude. But the Professor's promise warned me that my life was in danger.

"Let her know—let her come to me," I intreated.

Dr. Greathead murmured something which I could not catch, and went out of the room.

Not long after, I became light-headed. I lay in a state between consciousness and unconsciousness, unable to tell clearly what was passing beside me, but catching occasional glimpses and snatches of conversation.

It seemed to me at one time that I was down in the laboratory, watching the white

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rabbit as it slowly expired. Then I found that I was still in bed, and that some one in the room was talking about the white rabbit, and comparing its symptoms with mine.

"*The old lady*"—who was it that pronounced those words out loud? And who was it that promised to say nothing about the white rabbit to the old lady; and why?

My mind wandered off again, was it for a second, or an hour, or a day and night? I was recalled to attention by the touch of a hand on my hot brow, and by a familiar voice that said, "My poor, poor boy!"

My mother had come to me.

Missing my regular weekly letter, she had written to me for an explanation of my silence, and when that appeal was unheeded, she had telegraphed to my employer to ask if anything was wrong. Dr. Greathead's reply, containing an admission that I was indisposed, had been enough to bring her down by the next train.

My employer received her with every courtesy, assured her that he was doing his utmost for me, and that he had every hope that I should pull through.

"But I did not believe him, my dear," my mother told me afterwards. "I read your death in his eyes."

She asked to be accommodated with a bed in the house, in order to be able to nurse me, and when the Professor raised objections, declaring that his man was a trained hospital attendant, who could look after me better than she could, my mother bravely declared that she would stay with me, if she had to sleep in a chair in my room.

She even spoke of removing me to a hospital, but Dr. Greathead promptly assured her that such a step would be instantly fatal.

So my mother installed herself by my side, and waited.

Once, twice, and thrice, in the fleeting moments of consciousness vouchsafed to me, I tried to frame the words—"*white rabbit.*" The fourth time, by a tremendous effort, I managed to enunciate the syllables clearly—in a shout, as I believed; in the faintest of whispers, actually. But my mother heard.

In my letters to her before my illness I had said sufficient to let her know that my employer was engaged in researches which involved experiments on animals. With that marvellous intuition bestowed on women, and especially on women who love, my dear mother understood the terrible hint and the terrible danger.

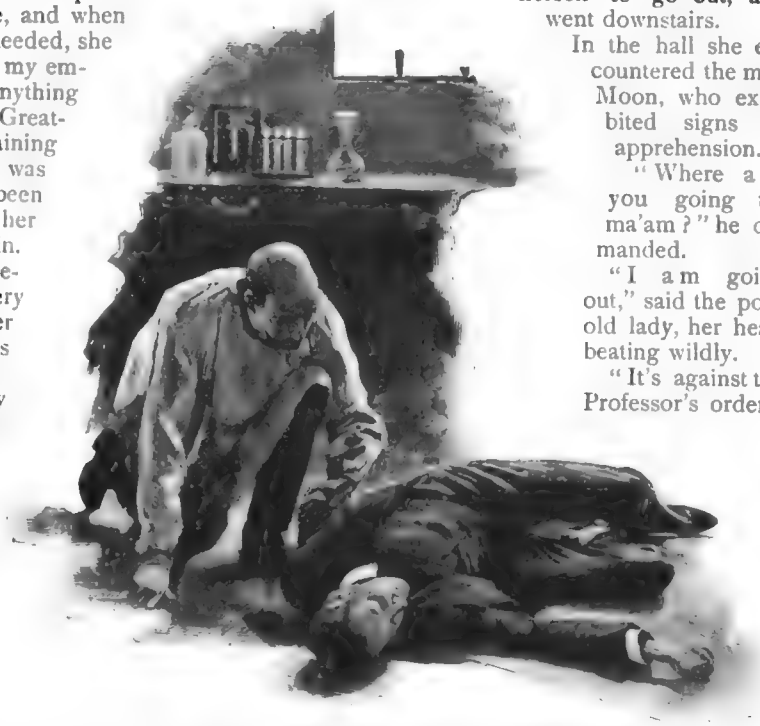
Without saying a word, without giving the slightest sign of her suspicions, she dressed herself to go out, and went downstairs.

In the hall she encountered the man Moon, who exhibited signs of apprehension.

"Where are you going to, ma'am?" he demanded.

"I am going out," said the poor old lady, her heart beating wildly.

"It's against the Professor's order," he objected, blocking the way to the front door. "You've been in the room with a fever patient, your clothes are infected, and if you go out into the street you're breaking the law."



"You are ill. Tell me exactly how you feel?" he said, seizing my pulse.

My mother knew enough of the stringency of modern regulations in cases of infectious diseases to fear this might be true. But she kept her fears to herself.

"I believe my son is dying, and I'm going for a clergyman," she said, with a sudden inspiration.

The man's face relaxed. It was evident

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that this was not what he had feared. "Oh, if it's only that, I daresay the Professor won't mind, ma'am. But be careful you don't go anywhere else."

He opened the door and let her out gingerly. It was not till she was round the corner, and in the next street that my mother breathed again.

In the first chemist's she came to she got the address of a physician of high standing, whom she was fortunate enough to find at home.

In a few agitated sentences she explained the situation to him. Her son was lying ill—she feared at the point of death—in the house of Dr. Greathead, and she suspected the Professor of making him the subject of some experiment in the interests of science.

Dr. Finlayson, the physician, assumed a discouraging attitude. He saw before him an excited, weak, old woman, bringing a wild and vague charge against a distinguished man, and all the power of medical tradition and medical etiquette held him back from believing or helping her.

"Have you told Dr. Greathead that you desired a second opinion?" he asked coldly.

My mother wrung her hands.

"I dared not," she confessed. "They tried to prevent me from leaving the house."

"Nonsense, my good woman——"

"I am called Lady Hervey, and my son is Sir Forrester Hervey," my mother said with dignity.

The physician's manner instantly underwent a change.

"I beg your pardon, Lady Hervey. Still, I hardly know what to say. Professor Greathead occupies a very high position."

"If you refuse to come, sir, I shall go to the police," said the brave old lady.

Dr. Finlayson gave way. He ordered his carriage and drove with my mother to Professor Greathead's door.

"Tell your master that I have been called in by Sir Forrester Hervey's mother to see her son," the physician said to the astonished Moon.

My employer came hurrying downstairs.

"Doctor Finlayson! Really this is not quite professional. I have been prescribing for this young man, and I have not been asked to see anyone in consultation."

But the other physician was now fully committed, and his answer was ready.

"I think that as the patient is a member of your household, and you have admitted that his life is in danger, you have been guilty of a very grave disregard of professional custom in not sending yourself for an outside practitioner. Lady Hervey has not asked me to meet you in consultation. She informs me that she takes the case out of your hands and places the patient in my sole charge."

With this knock-down retort Dr. Finlayson walked straight past the master of the house and up to my room, to which my mother conducted him.

I was unconscious at the time. The new doctor spent nearly an hour in a careful examination of me, and he gathered together the whole of the medicines he found in the room and deposited them in his bag. When he had finished he looked at my mother with sympathy.

"In my opinion your son has still a chance for recovery. I shall completely change the treatment, and I think it desirable that the patient should not be left alone for a single moment till he is well enough to leave this house. I should also like to make sure that everything he takes is cooked in an adjoining room, under supervision. Do you feel able to remain here alone with him till I am able to send in two attendants with the necessary things?"

"Yes."

Dr. Finlayson bowed, and went out. I think I must have had a momentary interval of consciousness, in which I heard the sound of the key turning in the lock of the door and saw my mother fall on her knees beside my bed.

But the worst was over. Neither Greathead nor his man made any attempt to re-enter the sick room. In two hours relief came, in the shape of a medical student (a nephew of Dr. Finlayson's) and a trained nurse; and, thanks to their unremitting care, and the skill of the physician, I was able to be carried out of the house at the expiration of a week.

When I was thoroughly recovered I went round to Dr. Finlayson's house and had a long interview with him.

"Professor Greathead has placed himself in my hands," he told me, "and I have undertaken to use my best endeavours to induce you not to prosecute. Greathead has made what I believe to be a frank confession. He says that he has been engaged for a long time in trying to obtain a serum with which to inoculate against malignant typhoid. You understand?"

I bowed. I had witnessed one stage in the process.

"Greathead tells me he had carried out his experiments till he believed he had

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reached the point when it would be safe to make the first test on a human being. Unfortunately at this stage his scientific zeal seems to have overcome his moral sense. He ought, of course, to have tried the first experiment on himself. His excuse for not doing so is that he did not believe himself to be a healthy subject, and that his age was too great.

"He therefore decided to engage an assistant, and as he was anxious to superintend the experiment with the utmost care, he decided to have some one who would live in the house, and eat and drink nothing calculated to interfere with his plans.

"You were engaged accordingly.

"When you first arrived Greathead was nervous lest you should form any suspicion as to the nature of his proceedings. You, being evidently a man of education and so on, made him uneasy. However, he came at last to the conclusion that he might safely proceed.

"He tells me that you refused to let him inject you with the virus."

"He pretended there was an epidemic of typhoid," I remarked.

"That was a false pretence," I am sorry to say. He assures me that if you had submitted to the injection there would have been no serious consequences. Your refusal reduced him to introduce the germs into your system through your food."

I started.

"In your food, as I understand, it was very doubtful whether this plan would be successful. For some time he could not feel sure that the virus had taken. In order to facilitate the process he did what was undoubtedly most wrong and even criminal. He mingled ground glass with your coffee."

"Great heavens!"

"It was this dangerous proceeding, even more than the disease germs themselves, which threatened your life." I turned cold as I listened.

"Of course it was fear of detection that restrained him from calling in a physician. When I was called in I saw at once that you were suffering from something more than typhoid. I suspected poison, but it was, of course, the ground glass.

"Now," Dr. Finlayson concluded. "Greathead throws himself on your mercy. He is an old man and a distinguished scientist; he was carried away by an excessive zeal for the interests of humanity. He is utterly broken down, and he offers you this cheque, to be applied as you think fit."

I waved away the piece of paper with my hand. It was, I fancy, for £1000.

"Please to retain it," I said civilly, "but I shall be glad if you will deduct your fee from it, and give the rest to some hospital, anonymously."

"The hospital shall have it all, Sir Forrester," the physician declared warmly.

I took my mother back to her poor lodging, travelling third class.

"Doctor Finlayson! Really this is not quite professional."

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MR. —HIS PAGES.

I love to cause perplexity,
I love to make you merry be,
So I, with much dexterity,
Catch, puzzle, make you laugh.

I make my pages full of pranks,
Amuse the wise and catch the cranks,
And all I ask, by way of thanks,
Is just to make you laugh.

Puzzle Penknives or Puzzle Purses will be given as prizes to readers who forward *new* puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X." and wishing for a reply, should inclose a stamped addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X." care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, 18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

MR. X'S MONTHLY PRIZE.

No. 3.

[Answers must be sent in before September 20th, addressed, "Mr. X," care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, Henrietta Street, W.C. and marked on the outside "No. 3."]

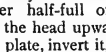
Mr. X this month offers a prize of Five Shillings for what is, in his opinion, the best solution to the riddle contained in the following verses:

Man cannot live without my First,
By day and night 'tis used,
My Second is by all accursed,
By day and night abused.

My Whole is never seen by day,
And never used by night.
'Tis dear to friends when far away,
But hated when in sight.

TO TURN SIXPENCE INTO ONE-AND-SIX.

This is a simple "conjuring" trick about which there is absolutely no deception, though it causes much mystification. Tell your friends that you will convert a sixpence into eighteenpence and that they may watch you as closely as they like while you do so. Into a tumbler half-full of water drop a sixpence with the head upwards. Cover the tumbler with a plate, invert it, and stand it on a table. Now, ask your friends to look through the side of the tumbler, and they will see a shilling lying on the plate and a sixpence floating above it!



Q: Why is a newspaper like an army?
A: Because it has leaders, columns, and reviews.

CLEVER FIGURE JUGGLING.

Here is a very ingenious method of finding out any three numbers *below ten* from a friend by asking him certain questions. You might find out the number of friends he has in the Army, Navy, and the Law; or the number of brothers, sisters, and uncles he possesses. Or he might think of any three numbers.

Suppose your friend has three brothers, no sisters, and two uncles.

"Think," you say, "of the number of your brothers."

"Right," he replies. (3.)
"Double them."
"Right." (6.)
"Add three."
"Right." (9.)
"Multiply by five."
"Right." (45.)
"Add the number of your sisters."
"Right." (45.)
"Multiply by ten."
"Right." (450.)
"Add the number of your uncles."
"Right." (452.)

You now ask him for his total, and he tells you (in this case) 452. From the total you always subtract 150, and the remaining figures give you the three required numbers. Thus 452—150=302; three brothers, no sisters, and two uncles.

Can February March?
No, but April May.

Could a dragon fly?
No, but a cheese mite.

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Quite Safe.

Trapper: "I came downstairs head-over-heels the other day."

Carter: "Hard luck, old chap. I hope you weren't hurt?"

Trapper: "My dear man, I simply can't count the bruises on my legs and arms."

Carter: "It must have hurt you awfully."

Trapper: "No, it didn't hurt a bit."

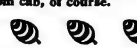
Carter: "What! you fell downstairs and it didn't hurt yourself?"

Trapper: "No, no. I didn't say I *fell* down. I said I came down head-over-heels. My head always is over my heels. So is everybody's."

Carter (annoyed): "But you said you couldn't count the bruises on your arms and legs?"

Trapper: "Well, I can't — because I h.ven't any."

Q: What is that which has the superior in the interior, and the inferior on the posterior of the exterior?
A: A hansom cab, of course.



The Three Jugs.

The dairyman was alone in his dairy, and was in an unfortunate dilemma. He had a gallon jug filled with milk—that is to say, eight pints—and he had to measure out two lots of exactly four pints each. There was no one or two pint measure handy, in fact the only jugs at his disposal were one which held five pints and one which held three. How on earth was he to measure two lots of four? Just as he was scratching his head over it, in came his little son home from school. The father told him the difficulty; the son made a few calculations, then started pouring the milk about from one to the other of the three jugs—the eight, the five, and the three pint—until at length he had the desired two lots of four pints each and one jug empty. How did he do it? He used only the three jugs, they were not marked, and he did not mark them.

A Peculiar Word.

James: "Has it ever struck you what a peculiar word 'heroine' is?"

John: "No, why?"

James: "Well, because the first two letters are masculine—*he*; the first three, feminine—*her*; the first four, a brave man—*hero*; and the whole word a brave woman—*heroine*."

A Short Life.

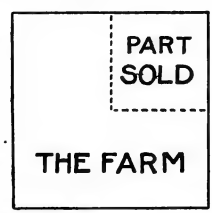
Tommy: "Mrs. Brown's new baby hasn't lived long, has it?"

Gertie: "What, is it dead?"

Tommy: "No, only born last week."

The Ingenious Lawyer.

Here is the diagram of a farm left by a farmer to his four sons under these conditions: Each son was to take a portion of exactly the same size and exactly the same shape. Unhappily, just before the farmer's death, hard times came, and that portion of the farm indicated by the dotted line had to be sold. Now, when the farmer died, the will held good, and the sons were in trouble — easy enough to make a division of four *equal* portions, but how four of the same *shape*? In despair they took their trouble to a lawyer, and he, after a moment's hesitation, marked out on a diagram exactly the same as this, four equal portions of identical size and shape. Can you?



Arithmetic Extraordinary.

Bottom-of-the-Form (to Top-of-the-Form): "I say, Jones Major, I bet I'll give you a sum you can't do."

Jones Major: "I'd like to see you do it!"

Bottom-of-the-Form: "Well, you shall. Take nine from six, ten from nine, and fifty from forty so as to make the answer six."

Jones Major (after covering two sheets of foolscap with figures): "It's absolutely impossible!"

Bottom-of-the-Form: "Not a bit. Look here. First take nine from six: SIX − IX = S. Now ten from nine: IX − X = I. Next fifty from forty: XL − L = X. So you've got S, I, and X left; well, what does S-I-X make?"

Jones Major: "Six."

Bottom-of-the-Form: "Quite so, that's the answer."

RESULTS.

What Change Had He? (page 361). Thirteen shillings and fourteen sixpences.

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MY SUMMER TRIP

Telling how Augustus Took his Nine "Blessings" to the Seaside; and how he Managed to Escape to the Ardennes.

By Fox Russell.

"Augustus," said my dear wife to me, as I struggled with a second cup of the matutinal coffee and took furtive peeps at the outside sheet of the newspaper—dear Jane always objects to my reading at breakfast—"it is really high time that we arranged about the seaside. What do you think of Bournemouth?"

I replied that the reputation of Bournemouth for its mild and equable climate, its dry, sandy soil, and the unequalled supply of burnt-cork artists on its spacious beach, stood second to none.

"What I mean is, do you think Bournemouth is a suitable place for the children?" she asked.

We have nine little blessings, I may mention.

Now, only the week before, Pogson, one of the men in our office, had said jokingly: "Bournemouth's the place for the father of a big family anxious to reduce his expenses. If the youngsters miss falling over the cliffs, they're sure to drown themselves in the ornamental water!"

The remembrance of this made me laugh, but I did not deem it prudent to tell Jane; women seldom have any sense of humour.

"What do you say to Oysterford?" I asked.

A pause ensued, during which our first-born, Manfred Archibald, aged fourteen, withdrawing his fingers from the marmalade dish, cried: "I want to go to Winkleton. Watson Major says it's ripping."

"Speak when you're spoken to," observed dear Jane, rather tartly.

Whereat Manfred Archibald incontinently "dried up" and ate stolidly in silence throughout the remainder of the meal.

Now, to be quite frank with the reader, I may here confess that it had occurred to me to take my holidays, this year, on foreign soil. That much advertised "Fortnight in the Ardennes for eight guineas" had taken a certain hold upon my imagination, and it seemed to me that it might be a more complete change if I sent the dear children and Jane to the seaside, whilst I crossed the channel. I had not, up to this period, broached the idea to dear Jane because dear Jane is a trifle awkward—what schoolboys call "spikey,"—to handle, and one gets into the way of postponing such announcements as these to the last possible moment, under such circumstances. At least, *I* do.

Not that I am timid. Far from it. I am a member of the auxiliary forces, and showed the stuff I was made of at the time of the South African War, by not volunteering for service abroad. But Jane is—Jane is *rather* difficult.

I ate my breakfast hurriedly—I felt that the moment had arrived when I must either

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strike for freedom, or lose all chance of it irretrievably. Then I praised the bacon (which was beastly) and told Jane I thought she looked as though a night at the theatre would do her good; and having thus prepared the way, I said in off-hand tones:

"Er—as to this seaside business—er—fact is, my dear, I thought of—at least I don't know that I can say 'I thought of' because the idea has only just at this moment entered my head—but still—er—what I mean is—er—that perhaps it would be better for me—for you, I mean—if you were to go with the children to the seaside and leave me just to take a run across the channel for a few days; you see," I added hurriedly, as I saw Jane put down her coffee cup and open her lips to speak, "that my nerves are not quite——"

"Fiddlesticks!" broke in my dear wife. "Nerves, nonsense! Besides, I don't think your 'nerves' are likely to be improved by racing about on the Continent. No, Augustus," she added firmly as though to clench the matter. "If you go abroad, I stop here with the children!"

So I had to assume an air of indifference, and so I merely observed:

"Oh, very well, my dear, it's a matter of no moment to me."

And then I went off to business as usual. But I gave the front door a vicious slam, and said one word to myself which rhymed with — with what I did to the front door.

The following week I had to go down to Oysterford-on-Sea and take the lodgings.

Landlady No. 1 objected to children in the house. I mildly asked where she suggested that we should put them, and she shut the door in my face.

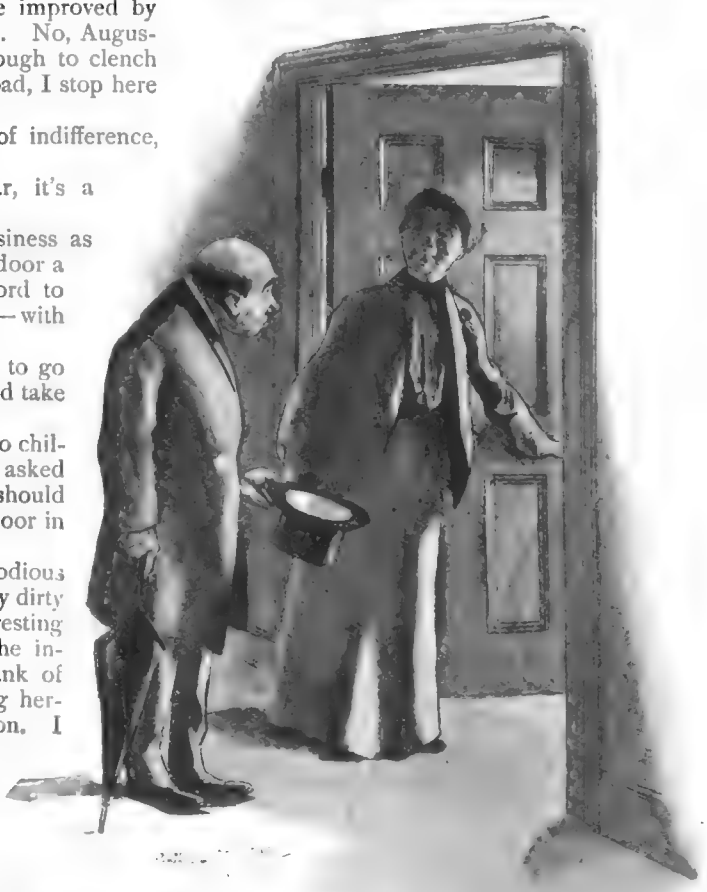
Landlady No. 2 had commodious rooms, a bicycle shed, and very dirty hands. Whilst my gaze was resting on these latter appendages, she informed me (it was very frank of her) that she did the cooking herself. That settled the question. I passed on to Landlady No. 3

Here the house was a good one, and possessing a sea view The sitting-room smelt stuffy. She said it was the ozone. I asked whether she could not dress the ozone over with Condy's Fluid before it entered the doors and windows in that outrageous style? She smiled confidently and said that "that would be all right."

I then asked if Oysterford was a quiet place? to which she replied that "gents with their 'ealth quite broke down" had come to that house, and after a fortnight's stay, had gone away like giants refreshed.

On the strength of this I closed with her, and bargaining that there should be "no extras," I fixed the time of my family's arrival and left for town again, thoroughly tired out with my "holiday."

I will pass over the journey down to Oysterford. We had to travel on the Friday before the August Bank Holiday. There were fifteen people in our compartment and the day was an extremely hot one. We escaped asphyxiation—and that is all. Our last born, the baby, Henry Randolph, turned purple on three distinct occasions, and dear



The following week I had go down to Oysterford-on-Sea and take the lodgings.

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Jane said that it was a fit—or a misfit—I forget exactly which.

I did not quite like the look on dear Jane's face as she entered our lodgings and sniffed at the sitting-room. Following her example, the children also began sniffing, although on this occasion there really was very little smell.

I begged them to desist sniffing, otherwise there would not be enough smell to go round amongst so many of us.

"*What* is it?" asked my wife suspiciously. I said it was the ozone.

Jane turned a withering glance upon me, and I observed that I would take a short walk on the sea front.

As I went down the garden path, loading a pipe, my dear wife yell—called, I mean, from the window:

"Augustus, bring in some slices of ham and two boxes of sardines for supper. Oh, and we shall want some eggs and a pound of dry biscuits, and——"

"Hadn't you better send Manfred Archibald to——"

"No. He's already gone on an errand. Augustus," she added solemnly, "I can't have that smell in the sitting-room."

"No, my dear, I wouldn't. Order it out again, or have it up for trespass." And having said this, I deemed it wise to move on out of earshot, and also to prolong my stroll until "time, the universal healer," had had a chance to soothe dear Jane's fiery indignation, and cool her ardent spirit.

That night's supper was a somewhat scratch affair. And retiring to bed at ten by no means insured the enjoyment of a long night's rest. The mattress, as far as I could make out, was stuffed with coals or some equally durable substance, whilst small as was the bed, the bedclothes were smaller still, and had acquired an unpleasant habit of slipping off on to the floor at highly inconvenient moments.

After my troubled night, I dozed until eight o'clock next morning, when the dulcet tones of a piano organ, lifted up in generous rivalry with the strains of a German band, immediately beneath my bedroom window, brought me out of bed with a bound. There was no bath in my room, and after twenty minutes consumed in ringing a bell, of which no one took the slightest notice, I threw the soap at the piano-organist, dressed, and struggled down to a half-past eight breakfast which was served up at exactly a quarter to ten.

"Puts one quite in mind of home," I ventured to say, rubbing my hands cheerfully.

"What does?" asked Jane unsuspiciously.

"The unpunctuality, my dear," I replied, burying my nose in my coffee cup.

Dear Jane gave me another withering look, but nurse being present—fortunately for me—my better half said nothing. I knew what she meant, however, and determined to curb my incautious flow of words for the future, and go for another walk as soon as I could escape after breakfast.

But Jane quickly frustrated this last design.

"The children must be taken on the sands," she said decisively.

"Quite so, my dear," I assented readily. "I will join you there, later on, after I——"

Dear Jane's stony look effectually dried up the rest of my sentence.

"And who do you suppose is to look after the children if you don't?" she asked. "You know I shall be occupied all the morning here in putting things straight, and as for nurse—there!" and she lifted up her hands in a manner most expressive of—something—but *what*, I had not the slightest conception. I only said, submissively, "Very well, my dear."

Half an hour later, I and eight little blessings—baby being left with nurse—were on a patch of wet sand, making mud pies with spade and pail. It was not exhilarating for the tired brain worker, but it was (I hoped) healthy.

When at length, towards the close of a long and tiresome morning, dear Jane made her appearance followed by the unspeakable nurse, carrying Henry Randolph—who for some reason, not easy to explain, evidently disapproved of Oysterford—I was about exhausted, and looked forward, with no small pleasure, to the thought of a quiet spell of reading on the rocks. Dear Jane, however, quickly dispersed these visions.

"Augustus," she said, "there's just time before dinner"—we had to put up with early dinner for the children's sake—"to take the boys to bathe."

"To bathe?" I repeated in rather a dismayed voice. "Oh, I don't think I'll bathe to-day, my dear. Better to become acclimatised first and——"

"Oh, of course, always thinking of yourself, and never of the children, Augustus——" she began and then I hurriedly cut in: "All right, my dear, all right. Now who's for bathing, boys?"

All four of them immediately volunteered.

I took the younger ones—Maximilian Charles and Alexander Douglas—with me in one machine, whilst the two elder boys—

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Manfred Archibald and Macgregor Stanley —secured another near at hand.

Having undressed, I descended the steps of the machine to the water—cautiously. And I must admit the water was chilly.

Maximilian Charles hesitated long on the top step.

"Is it cold, daddy?" he asked anxiously.

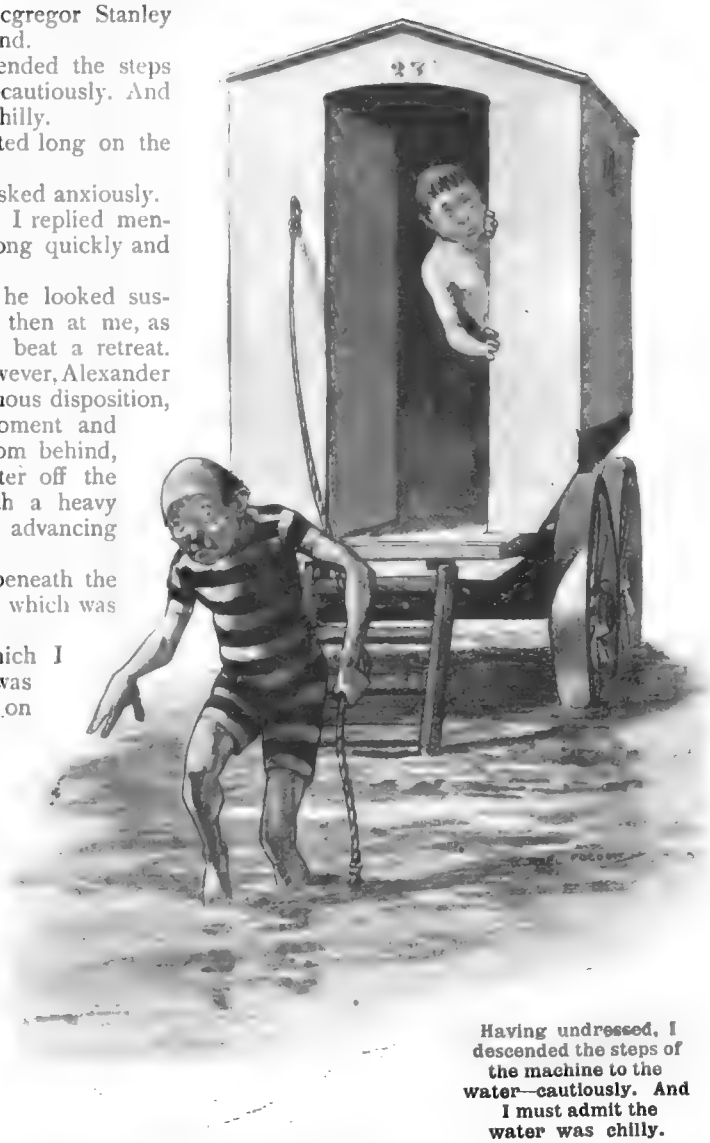
"N-n-no, n-n-not a bit!" I replied mendaciously. "C-c-c-come along quickly and g-g-g-get it over."

Anything but re-assured, he looked suspiciously at the water and then at me, as though strongly inclined to beat a retreat. Unfortunately for himself, however, Alexander Douglas, who is of an impetuous disposition, came hastily out at that moment and ran up against his brother from behind, thereby "boosting" the latter off the steps and sending him with a heavy "souse" into the cold of an advancing wave.

Maximilian disappeared beneath the water with a smothered yell which was absolutely heart-rending.

I let go the rope to which I had been clinging, and was immediately knocked flat on my back by an incoming wave. But I managed to grasp Maximilian by the leg and effect a rescue, as the wave receded, leaving me "high" though not "dry," and mixed up, somehow or other, with the wheels of the bathing machine.

At sight of this inauspicious beginning, Alexander Douglas paused and then declined, with much vigour, to proceed any farther with the enterprise.



Having undressed, I descended the steps of the machine to the water—cautiously. And I must admit the water was chilly.

Maximilian scrambled up the steps and beat a hasty retreat into the recesses of the machine, howling.

Dear Jane, from the shore, shouted out that I was to insist on the two elder children going back to their machine at once.

"At once!" she repeated in a scream, to make her voice heard above the roaring of the waves, "or they'll catch their deaths of cold. You must be mad to let them go out so far!"

Several people grouped on the sands sniggered, and I felt very uncomfortable.

A man cannot look dignified arrayed in the scanty amount of material usually allotted to a male's bathing costume, when his better half is shouting at him in reproving tones, for permitting something which he could not prevent, and two small boys are defying his orders from a safe vantage point in the sea.

I assumed a vacuous and bovine expression, putting my hand up to my ear, and then shaking my head hopelessly. Jane began shouting more loudly still, whilst the audience on the sands became more and more interested and amused. Then I ended the scene by making a bolt for the bathing machine.

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Meantime the two elder boys were apparently enjoying themselves, as, in response to my shouted behests, they flatly refused to come in out of the water. My teeth were chattering, so I hastily dried myself as well as I could, on the alleged towel—about the size of a small pocket handkerchief—whilst exhorting Maximilian and Alexander to make haste into their clothes, as they were both looking cold, and the former was rapidly turning blue. Then a violent rapping came upon our door.

"Augustus!" called Jane, from without, "What can you be thinking about to let Manfred Archibald and Macgregor Stanley remain in the sea so long? I'm perfectly sure that——"

"My dear Jane," I remonstrated as well as my chattering teeth permitted, "I—I—called to them t-t-to come in b-b-but they only l-l-l-laughed!"

"Laughed!" cried Jane scornfully, "have you *no* authority over them?"

"N-n-not the slightest, my dear," I replied.

"And you call yourself a man?" came back the voice of my dear wife.

"N-no. I n-never call names of any s-s-sort," I answered. And then I heard Jane's retreating footsteps on the plank which served as a bridge between the machine and the shore.

I dashed into my shirt, put on my straw hat, and thus airily attired, opened the seaward door and stepped out, preparatory to bawling to the boys to come in from the sea.

Just at that moment, a boat passed quite close, sculled by a very pretty girl. In the stern sheets sat a tall, dignified lady. I gave one glance at her and fled. In her, I had recognised our member's wife (with whom dear Jane is most anxious to be on visiting terms). I trusted she had not recognised *me* in that extremely draughty attire.

When we got back to our lodgings we were remarkably hungry. True, the meal itself was not alluring—boiled leg of mutton (half raw), much onion accompaniment, and cabbage tasting strongly of soapsuds—but we did justice to it all. I tried to take a cheerful view of our *ménage*. I said:

"I have eaten worse-done meat than this: but not much."

Jane, however, refused to be comforted. She said that the rooms were horrible, and the landlady a wretch. She added that she was sure we could not remain.

I groaned in spirit. This far-reaching decision would mean a fresh hunt for new lodgings. And Oysterford in August is invariably crammed.

Directly the meal was finished, I loaded a pipe, and humming, to give an air of indifference—Jane always says that the airs *I* hum *are* indifferent—I gradually edged my way to the door.

A quiet seat on the Parade with the morning paper, would, I thought, afford me that restful calm which I had, up to that moment, sought in vain.

"Where are you going to, Augustus?" asked dear Jane suspiciously.

"I thought, my love, I would just go out and read the paper on the Parade."

"Very well. I will be ready to go with you in ten minutes."

This was not quite what I had intended, however——

"I think," I said, looking at my newspaper, as soon as my wife and I were uncomfortably seated on a very stiff and hard bench with no back to it, "that this Fiscal question will ultimately develo——"

"Flowers, sir, beautiful flowers all fresh and very cheap," and a large, red-faced female almost placed her basket on my knees.

"No, thank you. I think," I resumed, "that this Fiscal question will——"

"Patronise the local regatta, sir? I'm the collector—'ere's my card—hauthorised collector—any donation, 'owever small——"

"No. I—I do not approve of regattas; my religious principles forbid," I said.

Then as he moved away, a German band, without warning of any sort, suddenly let itself go directly behind us.

I again endeavoured to complete my sentence on the Fiscal question, but this time, with the Germans in full blast, I had to shout to make Jane hear.

"This—Fiscal—question—I—think——"

"Support the band, sir?" and a smiling person in a peaked cap with a gold badge, thrust a greasy black book before me.

I felt indignant.

"You are not an alien," I said, "you are plainly English. And in this country I would have you know that it is only aliens—Germans with brass—both instruments and faces—and Italians, with nerve-torturing barrel-organs—who are permitted to worry the subjects of this realm for alms."

He walked away thoughtfully. What I had said evidently impressed him. Probably because it happened to be true.

Unable to stand any more of the Teutonic

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discord, we moved off along the Parade to an even more uncomfortable seat than the first. Then, giving up any attempt to speak, on account of the efforts of a piano-organist, whose weird runs and trills—never dreamed of by the composer of the music—gravely threatened the peace of my digestive organs, I settled down to an attempt at perusing the paper.

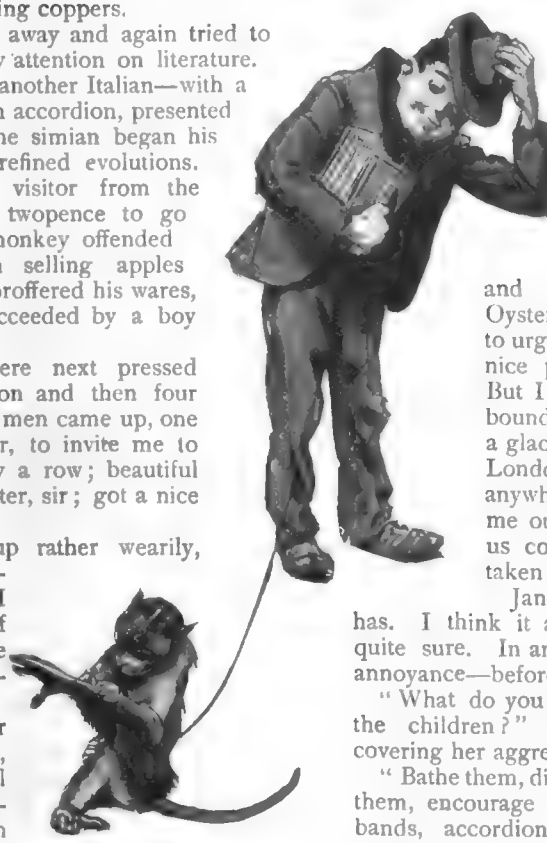
Two minutes later, the son of Italy was by my side soliciting coppers.

I waved him away and again tried to concentrate my attention on literature. Then a boy—another Italian—with a monkey and an accordion, presented himself, and the simian began his anything but refined evolutions.

I gave our visitor from the Sunny South twopence to go away. The monkey offended me. A man selling apples and bananas proffered his wares, and he was succeeded by a boy with prawns.

Air-balls were next pressed on our attention and then four different sailor men came up, one after the other, to invite me to "tike the lidy a row; beautiful day for the water, sir; got a nice boat 'ere."

I looked up rather wearily, rather hopelessly; and I saw others of the same species approaching.



Then a boy . . . with a monkey and an accordion, presented himself.

"My dear Jane," I said, in mournful accents, "Oysterford in August *may* not be unhealthy, but it *is* wearing. After to-day's experiences I should hail, with a certain sense of relief, the comparative calm of our own back-garden at Clapham Common. Jane," I said, a sudden inspiration flashing, meteor-like, across my wearied brain, and courage, born of despair, welling up within my heart to aid me, "let us make a compact: 'You shall invite your mother down here——'"

Jane was so astonished at the idea of my actually suggesting a visit from my mother-in-law that she stared at me, with her mouth so widely opened that you might have laid a mutton chop in it without her noticing.

"Whilst I go that trip to the Ardennes," I resumed. "Oysterford holds too much incident to the square-inch to suit the tired brain-worker. What with the smell of the sitting-roo—the ozone, I mean—the coal-stuffed bed, the worry of provisioning, the German bands, the piano-organists, the itinerant hawkers and importunate boatmen, I feel that this is no place for me. I have but another fortnight's holiday; I will spend it—and eight guineas (see advertisement)—in trying to efface the memories of this salubrious spot from my too-receptive mind."

Jane was still silent, and I continued — "Against Oysterford, *per se*, I have nothing to urge. It is, at all events, a very nice place to live away from. But I yearn for the quiet of the bounding prairie, the solitude of a glacier (or the auditorium of a London theatre in August), for anywhere, in fact, which will take me out of the hurly-burly. Let us consider my ticket already taken for the Ardennes."

Jane sniffed: it is a way she has. I think it annoys me, but I am not quite sure. In any event, I never show any annoyance—before Jane.

"What do you suppose I am to do with the children?" she asked, suddenly recovering her aggressiv—her determination.

"Bathe them, dig with them, catch crabs for them, encourage the piano-organs, German bands, accordions and monkeys for their express benefit, my love," I replied promptly. "Besides, will not your dear mother be present to assist you? WHAT a time the children and servants will have!"

I judiciously smothered a gri—smile as I pronounced these last words, and thought it wise not to put too much sarcasm into my tones. Sarcasm is dangerous—with Jane.

No more was said on the subject. The great question was settled at last.

And when, next day, in response to a telegraphed invitation, my (more or less) revered mother-in-law sailed into the house, I sailed out of it, *en route* for London and the Continent.

It was thus I earned "my summer trip."

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How I Lost the Motor Car

A Seaside Story

① I get on Jack's motor-car to have a spin round the beach.

② I alarm a few donkeys—

③ —also a few nursemaids with my daring courage, and rapid progress.

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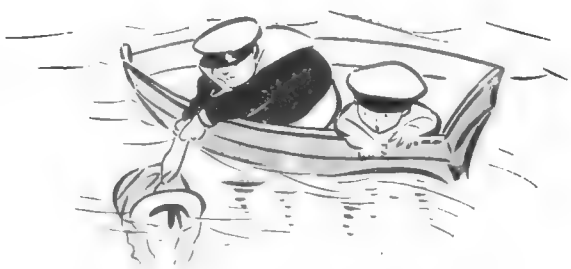
④ I nearly get arrested for furious driving, and turn the car seawards.



⑤ But unfortunately I find I cannot turn it back, which is most unpleasant, and have to be rescued minus the car—

⑥ —and have to tell Jack that the car is with the fishes, and that his only hope is that some mermaids may befriend him by returning it themselves someday.

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THE GENTLE BIDWASH

A Cricket Story.

By Charles W. Westron.

CHAPTER I.

Bidwash meant it for a yorker, but it proved to be the simplest of half-volleys.

Dale opened out his broad young shoulders, and with a precision which was worthy of malice aforethought hit the ball plump through the drawing-room window. A tinkling crash bore witness to the fact.

Bidwash, with a look of enthusiastic admiration on his round, good-tempered face, sauntered across the lawn to examine the damage; and his sister Penelope, drawing off the gloves she had donned to keep wicket, sank with a sigh of relief into a garden chair.

"I do like cricket," she remarked pensively.

"Everyone," said Dale, forgetting the broken window, "everyone, that is, who isn't an abject ass, *does* like cricket. Oh, really, I'm most frightfully sorry—I forgot I was speaking to you—Oh, really, I'm most awfully sorry, Pen—I mean Miss Bidwash—I'm most——"

"All right," interrupted Miss Bidwash serenely.

Penelope Bidwash is not a pretty name, but Penelope Bidwash was a pretty girl. Penelope, by the way, was sixteen. Heaps of people thought Penelope pretty. Dale was one of them—Dale was seventeen. He thought so now, as he lay on his back and lazily watched her tying the strings of her sun-bonnet. It was not her nose—that was slightly tip-tilted. It was not her hair—that was just dark. Nor was it her eyes, nor her mouth, nor her figure. It was nothing in particular; it was everything in general. "An uncommonly nice girl, too," thought Dale.

"I'm coming to the Old Boys' match," announced Penelope presently.

"Good man!"

"I made papa promise. I said I absolutely must come to see Dick and you play."

"Dick?"

"Of course Dick will play."

Dale turned away, and there was a convulsive upheaval of his shoulders, indicative of suppressed merriment.

"It's not a certainty," he said, "not an absolute, dead certainty, you know, that the gentle Bidwash—I mean your brother—will be playing."

"I don't understand you, Mr. Dale," said Penelope hotly. "Of course Dick must play. Isn't he awfully fond of playing, and aren't you captain, and don't you choose the team?"

"Oh, my suffering aunt!" muttered Dale, turning away again to hide his confusion.

"How dare you laugh at me?" she cried indignantly.

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"Oh, look here, old chap—I mean Miss Bidwash," stammered the offending youth in great humility. "I apologise—I do really, Pen. I was a frightful cad."

"No, you weren't," said Penelope, somewhat mollified by this handsome acknowledgment. "But Dick will play, won't he?"

Dale looked uncomfortable. He longed to please Penelope, but the idea of playing Bidwash in the first eleven was too absurd. (Why, he wasn't good enough for the second.) So, having no satisfactory answer to give, he thumped the turf viciously with his fist and held his peace.

Then suddenly the frown which had been puckering Penelope's forehead cleared away.

"I'm going for a little walk," she announced smilingly.

"May I come?" asked Dale, scrambling to his feet.

Penelope graciously conceded the point—she had, indeed, no idea of his not coming—and they walked out into the lane together. (Oh, treacherous Penelope!) It was pleasant in the lane; it occurred to Dale that it would be even pleasanter in the wood. So when they came to the wood he stopped and said:

"I say, Pen, it would be jolly in the wood."

"It's a long way round," said Penelope doubtfully.

Dale opened the gate.

In the wood their conversation was chiefly of photographs—Penelope's photographs—and uninteresting things like that. They scarcely touched on the "Old Boys" match.

Yet, somehow, when Dale returned to school, he took with him the germ of a conviction that possibilities might, unsuspected, be lurking in Bidwash's cricket after all.

Dale sat in what he was accustomed to call his study. The look of anxiety on his face was worthy of a Prime Minister in the throes of selecting his Cabinet.

"School *v.* Old Boys," he wrote at last. "The School eleven will be: Dale (captain), Birch, Bradbury, Keen, Kingston, Crowson, Matthews, Courtenay, O'Brien, McIntyre, and ——"

He paused, and, carefully elevating his legs on to a somewhat rickety table, stared pensively at a photograph which adorned the wall. It was a photograph of Penelope.

Dale removed his legs from the table, and took the single stride which was necessary to bring him to the wall. He took down the photograph, and, the better to examine it, walked—two strides this time—to the window. Unless his looks belied him, however, he did not derive much satisfaction from the process. Perhaps custom had staled its infinite variety. Yet it was not the fault of the photograph.

"It's dashed pretty," said Dale emphatically; "and dashed like her!"

Why, then, frown, oh, Dale? Why look so gloomy, beholder of the beautiful?

"Hang it!" he concluded, rather appropriately, and, having returned his treasure to its nail, thrust his hands deep in his trouser-pockets, and whistled moodily.

It was the eleventh place that was worrying Dale.

"It must be O'Connor," thought he. "I absolutely can't play Bidwash. Not but what I've brought the beggar on. He's a safe catch now, and he's developing into quite a steady bat in his gentle little way. But he's got a long way to go yet—a long way. Beastly nuisance, that idiot Fortescue has caught 'the flue.' Well, it must really be O'Connor. There's no help for it. O'Connor it must be."

"O'Connor," he wrote with a sigh.

"Oh, I thay, Dale!"

Dale looked up with a start. An enormously tall, red-haired boy, with a settled grin on his face, was addressing him in a ludicrously thin and lisping voice.

"Hullo, Birch, old fellow!"

"Have you picked the eleven yet, old thap?"

"Yes, I have," said Dale shortly. "There it is right under your ugly nose. Sorry I had to play you. Couldn't leave you out, you know."

Birch, secure in the knowledge of his wicket-keeping capacities, grinned the more widely.

"It'h not a bad team," he remarked.

"Best we can get, anyway."

"There'th only one fault in it."

"What's that?"

"Why that little ath O'Connor hath been and thprained hith ankle playing fiveth, that'h all."

"Well, I *am* bothered!" ejaculated Dale.

He clearly was. Taking the pen he drew it through the unfortunate O'Connor's name.

"It ith a nuisanth," lisped the sympathetic Birch.

"Confounded!" agreed Dale, biting the end of his penholder.

Penelope's photograph caught Birch's eye; he lounged up and examined it.

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"That'h a nithe little girl," was his verdict.

No answer.

"That'h a nithe little girl," he repeated.

A grunt!

"That'h a nithe little girl," he said again in injured accents.

Then Dale jumped up suddenly and remarked with some excitement:

"I say, what do you think of Bidwash?"

"What do I think of Bidwath, old feller? What do I think of the gentle Bidwath, old thap? Well, I think he'th a thilly little ath, old feller. Alwayth writing other chaps' lines, and doing things for them. Yeth, I think he'th a thilly, good-natured, little ath, old chap," and Birch, having thus delivered himself, resumed a refreshing contemplation of poor Penelope's features.

"Yes—yes—I know," growled Dale. "I don't mean that. I mean, what do you think of him for the eleventh place?"

"I don't think much of him for the eleventh plathe," said the imperturbable Birch. "He'th not good enough. I thay, that'h a nithe little——"

"He's improved," said Dale. "He's come on a lot. He's an absolutely safe cover-point and——"

"He'th not good enough," said the unmoved Birch.

"Shut up! He's a safe cover, I tell you, and he's quite a respectable bat," and Dale proceeded to indulge in a comprehensive disquisition on the merits of Bidwash.

He was surprised to find with what conviction he spoke. Bidwash was a safe cover. He always came back to that. There might be sounder bats available, or more useful change bowlers, but Bidwash was a safe cover. There were better men in the long field; a reserve wicket-keeper might, of course, be useful, but Bidwash was a safe cover. And they wanted a safe cover. Therein, of course, lay the gist of the matter. Birch's protestations but added fuel to the fire. Dale went all over the ground again.

"What d'ye think now?" he concluded.

"Not good enough!" repeated the unshaken Birch. "I thay who ith that little——?"

"I shall play Bidwash," answered Dale in tones of challenge.

"I don't know what the other fellowth will think."

Dale's face grew crimson.

"My dear fool," he burst out. "Do you think I care tuppence what they think? Let them think jolly well what they like. I shall play Bidwash, and there's an end of it."

"Bidwash," he wrote with a quite superfluous expenditure of ink.

"Ta-ta, old feller!"

Birch shut the door, and Dale heaved a sigh of relief. He liked Birch well enough as a rule, but he seemed to be in such a pig-headed mood to-day.

"If there's one thing I hate more than another, it's a pig-headed idiot," muttered Dale. "I'm pretty sure all the same—in fact I'm quite sure I've done the right thing."

Just then the door opened again. A red head appeared.

"I thay, old fellow," squeaked a well-known voice, "I thay, I quite forgot to athk you who *ith* that little——?"

An inkpot impinged with considerable velocity on the lintel of the door. The red head withdrew in confusion. Birch couldn't understand it.

CHAPTER II.

The cheers which were ready in so many throats melted into a groan.

"It's that idiot Bidwash," said a small boy who was lying on the turf in front of Penelope. "I told you so. And played for his fielding, too! Can't bat, can't bowl, played for his fielding, and misses the simplest thing ever put up."

He snorted in disgust, and sought comfort in a bag of peppermints.

Penelope glared at the youthful critic. Words trembled on the tip of her tongue which she found the utmost difficulty in repressing.

"And he'll do it again," went on he of the peppermints relentlessly. "He's sure to get another chance, and I bet my boots he'll 'butter' it. Well, I *am* blowed!"

He had some excuse. The unlucky Bidwash *had* done it again. The very next ball had been cut hard and straight right into his hands, and Bidwash, unmanned by his previous failure, had missed the catch. Out in the field, the miserable culprit, overwhelmed with shame, longed for the ground to open and cover him.

"Silly little——," began the small boy.

"You're a silly little boy yourself," cried Penelope overcome with chagrin. "How dare you speak of my brother like that?"

"Oh I say, I'm awfully sorry," stammered the blushing infant.

"You ought to be in the nursery," said Penelope, half crying with mortification. She grasped her parasol, and, leaving her seat, wandered out of the playing field into an adjoining one, where, under the welcome

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shade of a tree, she subsided a wistful, white-frocked figure on the grass.

The sounds of the match still came indistinctly to her ears—the clapping of hands, occasional shouts, from time to time the noise of cheering. Things were happening evidently. Yet Penelope stayed where she was, and presently the drowsy heat of the day produced its effect, and she fell asleep.

It was the applause which greeted the close of the "Old Boys'" innings which roused her. She looked at her watch; she had slept for over an hour. "It's very awkward," thought Penelope, arranging her disordered hair. "Why, there's——"

Through a gap in the edge leaped Dale.

"I've been looking for you everywhere," he cried.

"Have you?" said Penelope calmly.

"I saw you go off."

"Did you?"

"Oh, I say, Miss Bidwash, I hope you're quite all right, you know."

"All right, thank you."

"I thought perhaps you were a bit upset because——"

"Not at all," said Penelope with decision. "I found it rather slow."

"Well, won't you come back now?" asked Dale in some confusion.

She condescendingly assented.

"They've made 162, and we're just going in," explained Dale.

They walked back together, and the first person they met on re-entering the playing-field was Dick, looking particularly crest-fallen.

"Hullo, Pen," said he. "Where on earth have you been? Been hunting for you everywhere."

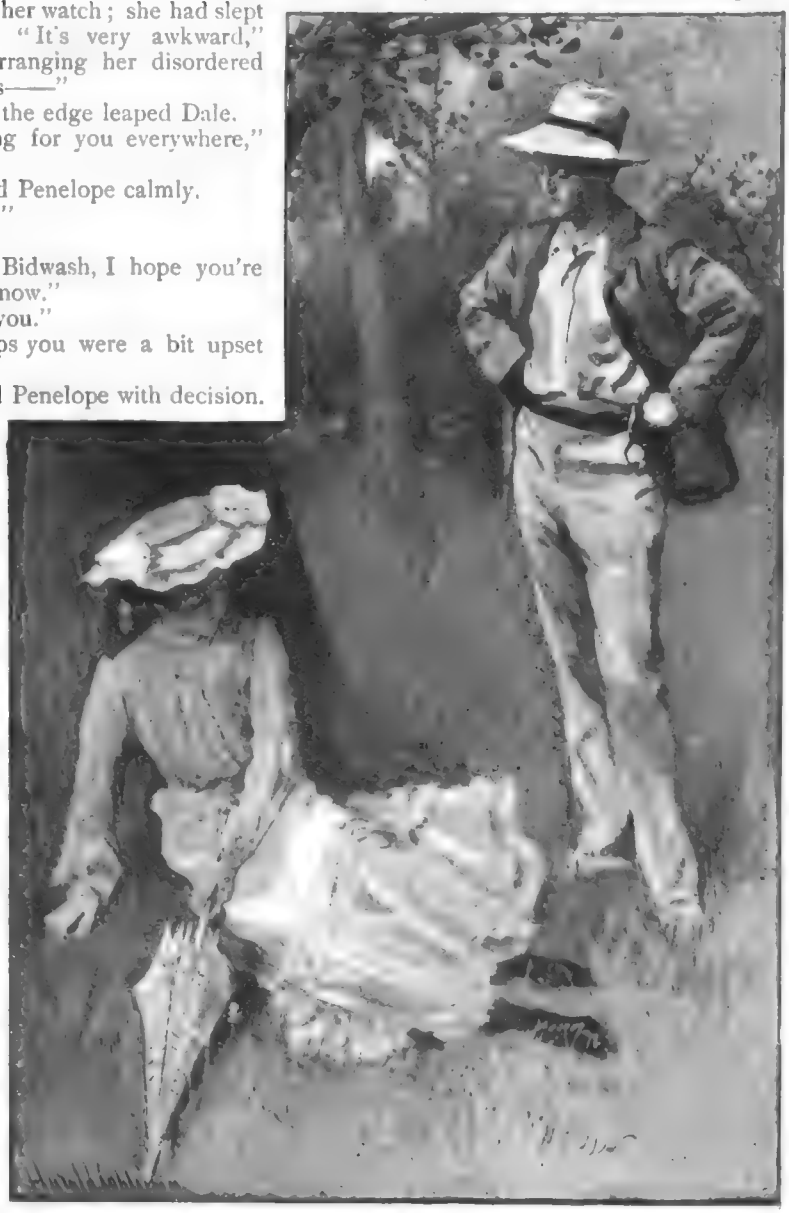
"Been for a walk," answered Penelope briefly.

"For a walk! My hat! For a walk, when you came to see cricket. You are a rum girl, Pen. Still I'm not surprised after seeing me make such a frightful exhibition of myself. Thank goodness, I only muffed two. I'm most frightfully sorry though, Dale, I am really. However, it's no good talking."

"You must make up for it by knocking up a few runs."

"Yes, do!" put in Penelope eagerly.

"But I can't bat worth a cent," said Dick despondently, running his fingers through a



"Not at all," said Penelope with decision. "I found it rather slow."

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mop of straw-coloured hair. "Besides I shall be last man in."

"Eighth wicket down," said Dale. "Birch has messed up his hands so, keeping wicket, I shall have to shove him in last. Buck up, old chap, and you'll make a riotous century! See you afterwards, Miss Bidwash," and Dale, raising his cap, ran off to don his pads for the beginning of the school innings.

"Hundred and sixty-two isn't such an awful lot, Dick," said Penelope.

"Quite enough. The wicket isn't wearing any too well. The first innings will settle it any way. There will be no time for a second. Ah, there goes old Dale! He can bat if you like. Awfully jolly of him to play me, wasn't it, Pen? Can't make out why! If only I hadn't made such a thundering idiot of myself. I say, do you know, I believe Dale's rather sweet on——"

"Who's bowling?" asked Penelope sharply, and they settled down to watch the game.

The cricket proved interesting, but not very exciting at first. Dale, after carefully playing himself in, scored freely, but the other batsmen did not particularly distinguish themselves. The score, however (thanks to the captain!), rose slowly but surely, until at the end of two hours' batting the school appeared to have gained a winning advantage.

"We're safe now," said Dick with a sigh half disappointed, half relieved, "I may not have to go in at all. Well, perhaps it's just as well. I should probably make an unholy duck."

"One never knows," said Penelope sententiously.

149—6—19, said the telegraph board.

"Hundred and forty-nine! Six men out. Last man made nineteen," interpreted Dick.

"Thank you," laughed Penelope. "As if I didn't know that, you silly kid!"

"I say Dale has made sixty-nine now, Pen. Isn't he splendid? And isn't his late cut a beauty? O'Brien next. Now if only he can stay for ten minutes, Dale will do it. It's practically over."

But was it? O'Brien didn't stay anything like ten minutes, nor did his successor. They, each of them, stayed the precise time necessary for taking guard, skying a ball, and getting caught. And the score was still 149. It was getting exciting.

"Good-bye, old girl," said Dick with a rather tremulous kind of smile on his face when the eighth wicket fell. "I'm in now. Thirteen to tie. I'm afraid it will be an unlucky number for me."

"Fourteen to win," cried Penelope bravely, "and fourteen's a lucky one. Remember that, Dick."

Bidwash's legs felt rather weak and staggery as, amid an ominous silence, he walked to the wicket. Dale came a little way to meet him.

"It's all right, old chap," he said cheerily. "All you've got to do is to keep your end up; leave the scoring to me. I've got to take the last ball of this over and I may manage to score a single and swop ends with you."

Bidwash was relieved to hear it. The short reprieve was a welcome one.

Jones, of Christchurch, was the bowler. Jones bowled fast, and had a vicious habit of coming in with the arm.

Dale turned the ball off very neatly through the slips, and looked expectantly at his partner.

"Come," shouted Bidwash, dancing down the pitch. "No! Yes, come!"

Dale came, and so did the catastrophe. Third man fielded the ball neatly and threw it in hard and low. Bidwash saw in a flash that the run was impossible.

"Go back," he shrieked, "go back!"

Dale turned back and made a frantic dive for his crease, but it was too late; his outstretched bat was a good six inches from the fateful line at the moment when the rejoicing wicket-keeper snicked off the bails.

"How's that?"

"Out!"

Dale out! A groan of disappointment went up from the school, followed by a burst of execration, as their idol, trailing his bat behind him, walked slowly to the pavilion. And Bidwash, with a mist of anguish before his eyes, had to stay and listen to it. It was entirely his fault, too. That was the worst of it. He had not only called Dale for an absurdly short run, but, by sending him back at the critical moment, he had sacrificed his captain and kept his own worthless wicket intact. Bidwash almost wept to think of it.

Meanwhile, Dale, amid a storm of applause, reached the pavilion, and, discarding his pads, made his way to Penelope's side. At any other time she would have felt proud. Poor Penelope!

"How many did you make?" she asked, trying to suppress a sob.

"Sixty-nine."

"I say it wasn't Dick's fault," she said pathetically. "All these little boys seem to think it was."

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"I'll knock their stupid little heads together, if they think anything of the sort," cried Dale indignantly. "It was my fault, Pen. I didn't run fast enough. There goes old Birch, last man," he added, as that hero, with a bandaged hand, but smiling comprehensively, emerged from the pavilion. "He's crocked, too—worse luck! Otherwise we might win yet."

"Dick may win it yet," said Penelope wistfully.

A guffaw of laughter came from one of the small boys. Dale leant forward and judiciously boxed his ears.

"Of course, Dick may do it yet," he agreed. "Of course he may. I'd forgotten that."

Thirteen to tie.

The gentle Bidwash had now to face the bowling of Saunders, of Trinity, who was even more to be feared than Jones at the other end. The mist had cleared from his eyes. Shame had no further depths for him to fathom. The gentle Bidwash was gentle no longer. Bidwash was seeing red.

Snick!

Hitting wildly, he had just touched a ball with the edge of his bat. It soared high behind the wicket, and just rolled to the boundary.

The forlorn silence which had hung over the ground gave way to a general titter.

"What ho, Jessop!" giggled the small boy, whose ears still tingled.

"Four!" cried Dale encouragingly. "Well hit, sir!"

Crack!

There was no doubt about the boundary this time. A nice, clean drive along the ground it was, well out of long-off's reach. The excitement was now tremendous.

"Of course, Dick may do it yet," he agreed. "Of course he may. I'd forgotten that."

"Six to win," whispered Dale, as if he were imparting a secret. "Oh, my great Scott, if only he could do it!"

The shout which Bidwash's second effort had called forth dropped into a pronounced and trying silence, as the redoubtable Saunders took the ball once more, and started on his run.

Bidwash with set teeth and muscles tense and strained awaited his onset. There was not the slightest doubt as to what he intended to do. If all the headmasters in the kingdom, condensed into one ponderous and forbidding whole, had forbidden him to hit, the result would have been precisely the same. Bidwash knew it. The crowd knew it. The redoubtable Saunders knew it. Bidwash was going to hit—to hit for all he was worth, and, if possible a bit over.

The redoubtable Saunders took an exceptionally long run (it was a run which

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seemed to demand a wicket as a right) and sent down a fast length-ball for Bidwash's delectation. Bidwash detested length-balls. He wanted a half-volley; so he jumped out of his ground and made a half-volley of it. Bang!

High over the bowler's head soared the ball—higher—higher.

It fell with a crash on to the pavilion roof, rolled down the sloping tiles, and dropped to the ground.

"Six!" shouted Dale, thumping Penelope on the back in wild ecstasy. "Six! He's done it, after all! Hooray!"

Penelope and Dale were walking across the fields which led to the station.

In the distance, the gentle Bidwash, who had been chaired and cheered and patted on the back to the verge of extinction, was escorting his proud parents in the same direction.

"Only to think," said Penelope, clasping her hands in rapture, "only to think that it was Dick who won the match for you."

"I'm most awfully glad," said Dale.

"And to think that *you* nearly ran him out!"

Dale grinned.

"Why did you let him play?" asked Penelope with charming inconsequence.

Dale blushed.

"Well, you know," he stammered, "fact is, you know——"

"It couldn't have been to—to please me," she remarked helpfully.

"I'm jolly glad if it did please you anyway," he said.

"Are you really?"

"No end."

Somebody passed them.

"Who's that?" asked Penelope.

"An ass called Birch," said Dale in some slight embarrassment.

"He's looking back."

"He's always at some fool's trick."

"And he's laughing in a silly kind of way," said Penelope indignantly. "Why is he laughing?"

"He's laughing," said Dale, "because he can't help it. It's the nature of the animal."

THE REASON

I do not pay attentions now
To Gladys Tomkins—Oh,
That, in the circumstances, would
Be quite absurd, you know.

She's jilted me, no doubt, you think,
And so has set me free?
I fear you'll have to guess again—
The girl has married me.

F. L.

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THOUGH NOT INTRODUCED.

She certainly had a pretty figure, and her frock—though a severely plain black—showed it off rather well. Her hair, too, was arranged in a knot with fuzzy edges, just what I like. Round her neck was wound one of those ribbons that are so often worn in place of collars nowadays. It was black, like her dress, but somehow had an indefinable smartness about it that took my fancy immensely. Altogether, as far as the back view went, she seemed distinctly promising. I watched her closely.

At last she turned round and I had a view of her face. Yes, she was a very good-looking girl. Not quite so *petite* in features as the back of her head had led me to expect, perhaps, but that didn't matter. I am tired of *petite* girls. Besides, they are out of fashion; which, after all, is mainly due to the fact that they are always blessed with that peculiar tint of blonde hair that has made itself so justly disliked of late.

She was looking straight at me. How should I attract her notice? Would a wink do? I ventured on a wink; a very mild one. She continued to stare past my right ear. It was evident that my ocular demonstration had been of too slight a nature. How about a cough, followed by a wink; the cough for the purpose of drawing her attention, the wink to (as it were) rivet it? I carried out the programme, but without effect. She remained immovable, gazing into space with the expression of a soul above both winks and coughs.

I became desperate. My pristine calm was deserting me and giving place to an impatience quite foreign to my usual character. The longing to speak, if it were only a single word into her ear—that little pink shell that peeped out from the aforementioned fuzzes of her hair—increased to a passion as the precious seconds passed swiftly by. I felt that if I could not receive a momentary look from those delicious blue orbs, I should be compelled to flee from the spot, baffled and despairing.

At length my feelings overflowed their bounds, and with an anguished cry I succeeded in turning her glance in my direction. Oh, joy! she sees me at last. She perceives my anxiety to address her. She comes towards me.

"A chump chop with chips? Yes, sir. Immediately, sir."

Merely a new waitress at the grill-room.

* * * * *

FAIR BUT FALSE.

We have very often read
Of the haughty little girl,
Always wearing on her head
Such a cunning little curl!

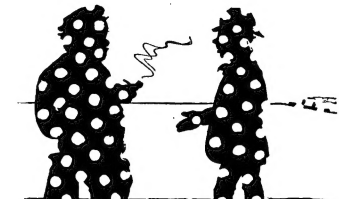
How it cutely dangled there
In the middle of her brow.
Oh, a vision rare and fair
Was that damosel, I trow!

But there is a sequel sad
To that pretty little tale,
Which has heretofore been clad
In a dark and mystic veil.

Now a scientific search
Brings to light the story's end,
And descending from her perch
Comes our airy, fairy friend.

For alas! that little girl
From her naughty, little head
Always took that cunning curl
Just before she went to bed

* * * * *



Boatman: "Nay, mister, I can't let yer hev me boat just now. There's a heavy swell jest comin' up."
'Arry: "Swell be blowed! Ain't my money as good as his'n?"

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WHO WAS JOHN JONES?

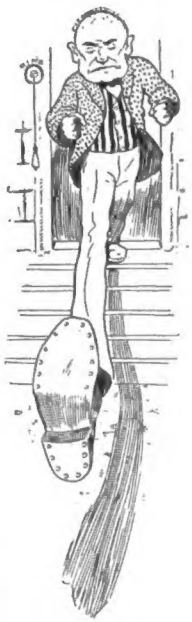
The body of a careworn-looking man was recently discovered with a bullet wound in the head, and by his side lay a six-chambered revolver.

At the coroner's inquest the jury returned a verdict of *felo de se*, because it was not easy for a *fellow to see* who John Jones was, but they established his identity by the following interesting document they found in his possession.

"My name is John Jones. A few years ago I fell in love with and married a widow with a grown-up daughter, who then, of course, became my step-daughter. Soon after my father, who was a widower, came on a visit to us, and, seeing my step-daughter, fell in love with her and married her, and so my father became my son-in-law, and I became my father's father-in-law. My step-daughter thus became my step-mother, and I became her step-son. My wife became her daughter's daughter-in-law, and my step-daughter became her mother's mother-in-law. When my wife presented me with a son, not only was I father of the child, but I was a nephew, because he was a brother to my father's wife, and consequently he was my uncle. This child, not only was he a brother to my step-daughter, but he was her grandson, because he was her step-son's son, and not only was he my wife's son, but he was her uncle, because he was the brother of her mother-in-law. My step-mother presented my father with a daughter, who, naturally, is my sister, but at the same time is my grand-daughter, because she is my step-daughter's daughter. Not only is my step-mother mother of the child, but she is her niece, because the child is my sister, and I am step-father to the mother of the child. My child is, at the same time, nephew and uncle to my step-daughter's child, who is, at the same time, aunt and niece to my child. My wife is grandmother and sister-in-law to her daughter's child, and I am grandfather and brother to the child. My father is grandfather and brother-in-law to my son, and my step-daughter is grandmother and sister to the child. My wife is my grand-daughter, because she is my step-daughter's daughter-in-law, and, at the same time, she is my grandmother, because she is my step-mother's mother. As my father's father-in-law is myself, I am my own grandfather, and, in fact, each is his, or her, own grandfather or grandmother, and grandson or grand-daughter. But what perplexes me is this—who *am* I?"

Watts: "Large bodies move slowly."

Potts: "Did you ever see a fat man slip on an orange peel?"



"Don't you think you'd better speak to papa to-night, George?" the girl suggested.

"He's just come in, hasn't he?" asked George.

"Yes."

"Well, I think I'll give him time to get his slippers on."

* * * *

WHEN KITTY MAKES A CAKE.

It is a solemn rite
When Kitty makes a cake,
She dons an apron white—
It is a solemn rite
And vanishes from sight:
Her honour is at stake.
It is a solemn rite
When Kitty makes a cake.

When Kitty eats Kitty's cake
We say: "It's very good!"
Though inwardly we quake,
When we *eat* Kitty's cake.
Yet, all for Kitty's sake—
I don't know why we should—
When we eat *Kitty's* cake
We *say* it's very good.

When Kitty's cake is done
We sigh in glad relief.
But have we respite? None!
When Kitty's cake is done
She makes another one.
Alas, our joy is brief!
When Kitty's cake is done
We sigh in glad relief.

KILDA KILROY.

* * * *

CURES GUARANTEED.

THE BRIDE: "I always heard that love was blind."

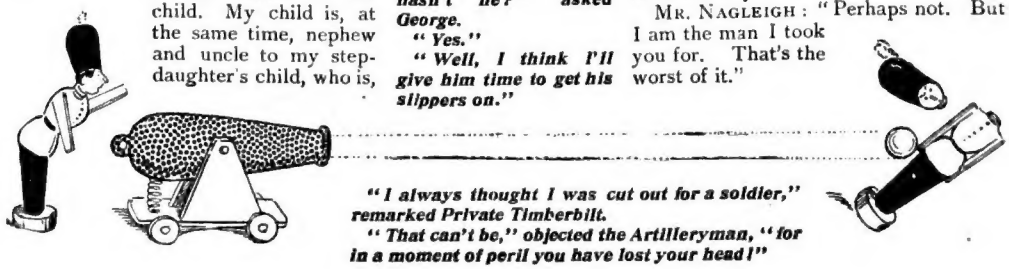
THE BRUTE: "But marriage is an excellent oculist."

* * * *

WISHED HE WAS NOT.

MRS. NAGLEIGH: "You're not the man I took you for."

MR. NAGLEIGH: "Perhaps not. But I am the man I took you for. That's the worst of it."



"I always thought I was cut out for a soldier," remarked Private Timberbilt.

"That can't be," objected the Artilleryman, "for in a moment of peril you have lost your head!"

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THE EARLY WORM.

Old Bullion: "What! You wish to marry my daughter? She is a mere schoolgirl."
Suitor: "Yes, sir. I came early to avoid the rush."

'TWAS THE VOICE OF MELISSA.

(A dreadful reminiscence. The affair occurred shortly before midnight on the last day of last February.)

'Twas the voice of Melissa: I heard her remark:
"Ah, I see you—a-cowering there in the dark!
Since your coyness has kept you, dear Tommy, from me,
It is Leap-year, and look, I have boarded to thee!"

'Twas the voice of Melissa: I heard her complain:
"You've eluded me twice, but I've caught you again:
For you know, ducky darling, adorable dove,
That nought can escape from the keen eye of love."

'Twas the voice of Melissa: I heard her bewail:
"Oh, be mine! I will never your freedom curtail;
You shall potter as oft as you like to the Club:
Not a word will I say to my dear little hub."

'Twas the voice of Melissa: I heard her bemoan:
"My teeth are entire; my hair is my own;
I harbour no views upon rational dress;
And but rarely refer for advice to the Press."

A CONSTANT REMINDER.

Miss Hammock: "I think it is a funny idea that your husband should send his letters to you typewritten every day."

Mrs. Piazza: "Not at all. It was my idea. It keeps both him and the typist in mind that he has a wife!"

'Twas the voice of Melissa: I heard her entreat:
"See, myself and my fortune I lay at your feet!
Oh, believe me, I'm quite a desirable match:
So, dear Tommy—sweet Tommy, come up to the scratch!"

'Twas the voice of Melissa—but, e'en as she spoke,
A clock began striking: I counted each stroke:
It was Twelve! I arose, and, still pale with my fears,
Fled—safe, at the least, for another four years!

C. H. St. L. RUSSELL.

ONLY AN EXTERNAL CHANGE.

BROBSON: "It's a disputed question which have the quicker tempers, blondes or brunettes."

CRAIK: "Is it?"

BROBSON: "Yes; my wife has been both, and I couldn't see that it made any difference."

* * * * *

A CORRECT EXPLANATION.

Gilhooley, meeting "Fatty" Thompson, whom he had not seen for a long time, exclaimed: "How stout you have grown! What do you do to get so much flesh?"

"Nothing."

* * *

ISN'T IT SO?

Of all the bores that cumber earth,
The one with highest rating
Is he who stops till you're disengaged,
And whistles while he's waiting.

* * *

A CHESTNUT GROWN.

TAILOR: "When is that rich uncle of yours going to die, sir, and leave you enough so that you can settle up?"

CHAWLEY: "Oh, he's on his last legs."

TAILOR: "So he has been for six years, sir. That uncle of yours must be a centipede."

* * * * *

THEORY, NOT CONDITION.

"Air is food as much as beef"
The scientists declare;
But famished folks find no relief
In such a bill of air.

OLD LADY: "THAT PARROT I BOUGHT OF YOU USES DREADFUL LANGUAGE."
BIRD DEALER: "AH, MUM, YOU SHOULD BE VERY CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY AFORE IT, IT'S ASTONISHING HOW QUICK THEM BIRDS PICK UP ANYTHING."

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

Don't Miss this Page, Whatever You Do.

TO AUTOGRAPH COLLECTORS AND COLLECTORS OF PICTURE POSTCARDS.

THE Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* has hit on a very happy scheme for swelling the coffers of the FRESH AIR FUND. He has approached several hundreds of celebrated people who have very kindly consented to sign picture post-cards containing their own photographs, and these are at present up for sale at prices varying between one shilling and five shillings each—a ridiculously small price considering that each card is actually a signed photograph.

For the full list of the stock of autographs now in hand I must refer you to *Pearson's Weekly*. The Editor wishes me particularly to advise you, when making application, to ask for more than you want in case he has already sold the one you actually require. This is really a great opportunity for getting hold of a collection which may be very valuable some day, and of benefiting a very deserving charity.

The interior of the "Bandar Log Press" Printing Works

"HANDSOME CYRIL."

(See page 391.)

You will be rather astonished to learn that this amusing little story is the contents of a whole book—without a word added or eliminated to suit the requirements of the ROYAL—a book which was sent me all the way from Phœnix, Arizona, in Mexico.

Possibly you have never heard of Phœnix; I had not before I saw this little book. But from another little volume which accompanied it, I learnt all that is to be known about the place, its inhabitants, and the "Bandar Log Press," as the "firm" is called who publish these amusing little works.

The air at Phœnix being remarkably pure, and possessing special healing virtues for lung diseases, a prominent rancher put up a large number of tents on a suitable site, and these formed a sanatorium for consumptives. The patients live entirely in the open air, and sleep with only a bare canvas covering overhead, and their tents open to the fullest.

In order to break the monotony of their lives, they founded the "Bandar Log Press." It happened that a Mexican paper, having moved to a neighbouring town, offered its printing press for sale. The patients formed a syndicate among themselves, bought the press, and started publishing, an old hen-house being used as the printing works.

"Handsome Cyril" is the first production of the "Bandar Log Press," and it is really a charmingly got up little book. The printing is clear, the binding tasteful, and, above all, the illustrations, which we reproduce, are perfectly delightful. No one would imagine that they were engraved by an amateur, Mr. A. J. Holme, one of the patients.

Well, the editor of a British publishing firm sends the "Bandar Log Press" hearty good wishes!

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